SHOUT
SHARE
IT

UNIVERSITY OF PITTSBURGH

DAR. RM
SK200
F7H65
1853

Darlington Memorial Library

Darlington
22218-31

BRITANNY AND THE CHASE;

WITH

HINTS ON FRENCH AFFAIRS.

BY I. HOPE.

LONDON:
LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, AND LONGMANS.
1853.

LONDON:
SPOTTISWOODES and SHAW,
New-street-Square.

PREFACE.

THE contents of the following pages were chiefly extracted from a Journal of events kept by the author during a residence in Britanny.

On his return to England this Journal was perused by a few friends, and at their desire he was induced to present parts of it for publication.

There is nothing of surpassing interest in the facts given, nor anything of novelty in the sentiments expressed; nevertheless, the Author felt pleasure in them at the time, and hopes his readers may feel the same now.

BRITANNY AND THE CHASE.

FROM what race do Englishmen derive their love of sporting? Is it of Celtic, Danish, or Saxon origin? Surely of Danish. The famous sea-kings were but sportsmen on a large scale, who beat land and sea for game, hated boundaries and game laws, and after their sport feasted jovially like hearty fellows. Commend me therefore to the worthy Danes, for they have given us a not ignoble quality. Show me a good sportsman, and I will show you a good specimen of the genus Homo. To conquer the king of beasts, to select at will and capture the choicest of the fish of the sea, the fowl of the air, and the beast of the field, proves the superiority of intellect and moral courage over brute force, while it does but carry out the will of the Creator, which bestowed on man the dominion over them all. For hunting was one of the earliest pursuits of which we have mention, as it was the only means of acquiring animal food; and as to all necessary acts a kind Providence has superadded pleasure, so in this has He stimulated us to supply our needs by the keen relish implanted in all healthy minds for the sports of the field. We know that Nimrod was a mighty hunter, and it is probable that Adam and his sons were the same. The opinion of the vegetarians that no animal food was eaten

before the Deluge, seems to me absurd. What did Abel do with the sheep he kept, or Nimrod with the game he hunted? What is the meaning of the "dominion" given by God to Adam over the animal creation? Do not his "incisor" teeth prove him to be carnivorous? And last, but not least, *is it possible* for man in *all* climes to live solely on vegetables? There is the story of the man who thought he had discovered how to keep his horse upon nothing, and had got down to a straw a day, *when the animal died;* and such would be the end of the vegetable doctrine. But one thing is certain, that these green vegetarians are naturally averse from sporting from want of disposition or time, or deficiency in strength or spirit, and so they "compound for what they are inclined to, by damning what they have no mind to." But to return, — where is the sporting blood like the English? Show it, and I will honor it. Place the Englishman where you will, and he speedily becomes the conqueror of the brute creation around him. Lloyd in Norway and Cumming in Caffreland, Williamson in Bengal and Murray in Canada, Anglo-Saxons in America, English settlers in India and Australia, sealers at the North Pole and whalers at the South, — all speak to one fact, the innate love of sporting in the Englishman. Young Cantabs go to shoot in Hungary and Transylvania; Lord Grosvenor (well-named "Gros-venour") and friends accept a friendly invitation to hunt in Nepaul; amateurs of tiger hunting go express to India, and imitators of Waterton to the Nile. Who do these things but the English, and where is the sporting spirit like theirs? And no mean spirit is it which prompts

them thus to brave hardship and risk life; — it is but a minor development of that spirit of conquest which has made England mistress of a quarter of the world.

If any one doubts whether the love of sporting is peculiar to certain races, let him look at the difference between the French and the English in this respect, separated as they are by some twenty miles only. Nature has not been bountiful to our vivacious neighbours in sporting genius. With us the word "sporting" well represents the thing meant: it is a diversion, a play, as it were an off-shoot of our nature. In France the word is *chasser*, to drive away,—not a term *of love*, but making out game to be an intruder. But in fact the Frenchman's inferiority *is* great:— no resolute following of the object with quiet and skill, and a firm determination to get at it, enjoying meanwhile the free air of the hill side, the open scenery, the charms of dell or glade; but all noise and bluster, talking of what he has done or will do, now singing some hoarse refrain, now bawling to the dogs, or diverging to rest, or light the eternal pipe. But to say no more than *a sportsman with his eternal pipe! can* the two exist together? Their shouting to the dogs is a continued annoyance, enough to rouse the game even out of the game-bag. Of course birds and beasts have eyes and ears, and just take the hint and make themselves scarce, and the draw or hesitating point ends only in showing that they are gone. When I discovered this and avoided shouting with them, I soon found the advantages in my own more contented state of mind, the improved working of my dogs, and the better condition of my game-bag. Your true Frenchman has slight relish for

scenery or the country. He is a town animal, gregarious and garrulous. Sir Francis Head notes that hence they make bad emigrants. In Canada and America, instead of shouldering the axe and boldly exploring the wilderness, the lonely pioneers of civilisation, they stuck together in bodies, consuming instead of producing, and rapidly exhausting their stock.

I used to shoot occasionally with a neighbour who was called "*un très-fort chasseur.*" The previous day he would meet me to fix all about it, as a solemn affair. From his manner, you would think he was going to sign the death-warrant of all the *gibier* in the country. Plans were discussed, rejected, and adopted; guns handled, dogs loudly exhorted, men engaged to beat and carry game, meat and drink provided, the various localities compared, and one finally selected where the game was *en masse.* And here let me explain this word. An English mind at once thinks of the thickly-peopled preserve, with a spring cart and pony to carry the spoil. But he would be quite at fault here. Rendered in plain words, *beaucoup* means "one," a *masse* "two," and the superlative, *une confusion,* "three." I have found this by experience. I once went to a mountain where was "*une confusion parfaite de lièvres,*" as I was told. I imagined, from the term used, that they would be literally running over and knocking against each other, leaping into one's bag as a place of refuge; but I found *three* only! So are most French phrases, — *charmant* meaning "pretty tolerable;" *superbe* "middling;" *ravissant* "rather good;" and so on. Five being the hour fixed for starting, I got up at four, and was at the ren-

dezvous to a minute; but no one was there. "Oh!" thought I, "he will come presently; it is well to be first." Paced up and down for five minutes—twenty minutes—half-an-hour. Dogs grow cold, I too: half-an-hour more passes, and I *grow warm*. In exactly an hour and twenty minutes arrives the Frenchman in fine order. "Ah! Bon jour, Mons. John; c'est bien, vous êtes là tout pret." "Yes," said I, "and have been for more than an hour; you said five o'clock." "Oui, ma foi, mais nous sommes très-bien encore; allons:"—and I learnt in future to give them an hour's law, and make them wait for me. But this is a nuisance; I like being punctual or nowhere.

We had some three miles to walk before reaching the spot, and I commenced at a moderate pad of three miles and a half an hour. "Ah! mon brave, mais marchez vite." "All in good time," said I; "we have plenty before us." At length we turned out, and in the first stubble the dogs drew and pointed. My friend was in ecstasies. "Toho! voilà!" I walked up to the nearest dog, who seemed close to his game; but where was Monsieur? He was beckoning to me, and edging away sideways in a mysterious manner. What the deuce is he at—is he ill, or going to conjure, or what? But on he goes laterally, like a crab, with his gun cocked and pointed to an imaginary centre, round which he was slowly revolving. I pushed on to my dog. Whirr! whirr! and up rose a fine covey under my nose, and with a double shot I dropped one; but such a yell arose: "Sacr-r-r-r- nom de diable—nom de cochon," &c. &c.; and up came my friend, boiling again. "Bon!" said I. "Bon!—mais non! c'est fort

mauvais — sacr-r-r- nom de," &c. I then discovered that it is the custom when the dog points, instead of going straight to him, to circle round him, gradually drawing to the centre, until you reach the game or nothing. Hence the eccentric motions of my choleric companion. I think the plan bad, as it unsettles the game, disturbs the dog, loses time, and runs the risk of putting up other game, and so losing that pointed at. I loaded, pitched up my bird, and prepared to follow the direction the covey had taken; but "Restez, mon ami; il faut déjeûner d'abord; the birds will scatter while we are eating." "True; but why eat at all now?" "Because I am hungry, and want my breakfast." And I learnt that it is usual still further to lose time by breakfasting on the field: and so half the day is lost in everlasting snacks, smoking, and resting. Further on in the day, when we were eating again, all of a sudden a hare jumped out of the hedge, not twenty yards from the place where we were sitting. Oh, what a row! Sacr-r-r-ing like a rusty wheel. My friend fled up, seized his gun, and slapped both barrels at a pull. Puss shook her scut, and bounced back again into the hedge; and headlong after her dashed dogs beating, and the *chasseur*. The hedge was enormously thick, and full of the most prickly briars that ever grew. My friend, full of ardour, launched himself from the bank right into the middle of all, and there he stuck like a flie in a glue-pot, but withal most grievously tormented, and not able to stir an inch. "All sitting on a thorn," like Philomel, he sung for help; but, had my life depended on it, I could not have helped him, and laughed till I was obliged to sit down. At last he came

out piecemeal, execrating puss, me, the briars; but swearing to his comfort that he had killed the hare, which, however was fields away, and none the worse. The end of all was, that, the game being thin, he took to shooting blackbirds, and we parted; and in the evening joined and returned home: I with two brace of birds and a hare; and he with a bird, three blackbirds, and a thrush, but full of ardour, and exclaiming about the *bonne chasse* we had had. The single bird would grow into a hare on the morrow, and two brace the next day, and so go on, like Newton's law, increasing with the square of distance.

Britanny is naturally well fitted for sporting. Plenty of arable land, broom, and furze for partridge and hares; fine woods, with tracks of meadow, sprinkled with marsh and low bottoms, for woodcocks and snipes; hill and heath for rabbits, redlegs, and quail; a few wild fowl, and a scattering of wolves and wild boars: these make up a pretty bouquet of attractions for the sporting man. Neither pheasants nor grouse exist in it, which is a pity, as the many beech and oak woods would shelter the one, and the heath-covered moors nourish the other. As in all partially cultivated countries, the game is hard to find, and a heavy bag is not to be had; but to the true sportsman that is not the great charm. The healthy excitement — the enjoyment of nature — the roaming unrestrained — the interest in your dogs — snatches of reflection — the memories of the past, and the hopes of the future—these are the real pleasures of the sportsman: the other is the pot and cupboard feeling of the poulterer.

The almost unlimited liberty of traversing the country is a

great point. You have not in the morning to consider whether Mr. A. is out on this side, or Mr. B. on that; to be continually baulked by seeing your game make for the tabooed property of your preserving neighbour; nor to be disappointed in attacking the imaginary feathered multitudes with which your fancy has clothed the opposite coppice, merely because *you cannot go there.* All these *désagrémens* are wanting in Britanny; no animated piece of fustian telling you with insolence to "Get off there;" nor equally insolent, though more polished broadcloth, with his disagreeable "Are you aware that this is preserved?" All you have to consult is your own wish, and the direction of the wind, and you can then wander where you please. It is true that the legal right to game exists in the occupier, as in England; but tenancies being small, and game scarce, it is not worth his while to preserve, *and be ordered off by all his neighbours;* and as there are few who like to be so unpopular, in practice the country is open to all. During some four years that I have shot, I have only been "warned off" once, and that by the keeper of a large proprietor much attached to sporting, but who, on my mentioning the matter politely, offered to accompany me whenever I wished for a day's shooting on his estate. I believe, however, that there are parts not so liberal as hereabouts. Occasionally farmers will look a little rusty; but a bit of tobacco, a pinch of snuff, and a civil word work wonders; and the end generally is an offer to show you a covey, and a hope that you will come again. Of course the result of all this is a smaller quantity of game; but so be it. Give me a moderate bag and liberty, against preserving and a cartload.

Some Englishmen, ignorant of the Breton language, have mistaken a vivacious and noisy manner for hostility, and hence has arisen a quarrel; but it has been their own fault in not having learnt a few common phrases before entering on the sport.

A *permis de chasse* is necessary in France, but is generally obtainable without much difficulty. If you are non-resident, or rather if you pay no taxes as a householder, the maire may refuse your application, or may oblige you to take out a *patente*, that is, a licence to exercise the trade therein named, and which is considered equivalent to residence. The price of this varies with the nature of the calling, from 5 francs to 400 francs. I know one Englishman who styled himself *vendor of lucifer matches*, and another *spectacle seller*, and they paid only some 7 francs on account of the *baseness* of the trade. The *permis* costs 25 francs, and is good for a year from the date. It should be always carried on the person, as the gendarmes, gardes de chasse, and gardes champêtres, &c. are entitled to demand it, and for want of it you may be arrested and put to trouble. Nothing has ever struck me as more ridiculous than making the gendarmes the public gamekeepers. You want to dog and catch the non-licensed people and the poachers— men of light heels and activity, and *therefore* you send after them a gendarme in heavy knee-boots, like those of our lifeguards, an enormous cocked hat, and a heavy sword and carbine, who has about the same chance as a snail with a grasshopper. Their great hat is quite an invitation for a charge of duck-shot —a moving target. They are in general well-behaved

men, picked from the line for good conduct, and do their general business well; but get into awful difficulties with the poachers. For instance, the other day an old poacher, who knew the country well, was chased by one of them. He pretended to be lame, and hobbled away, having the other all along under his hand, as they say, and at last drew him on to a morass. Arrived there, he slackened his pace more and more, and got the gendarme to leave his carbine on the edge, and venture after him from tuft to tuft, by paths best known to himself, until they reached the middle, and then the poacher gaily sprang away to the other side, and left him. The gendarme followed — soon lost the track — got into the bog — floundered from one depth to another, until finally he was well planted up to his shoulders, and there his tormentor, after some pleasant raillery, left him; and had not some chance passer-by noticed the cocked hat, the gendarme would have been starved to death. Sometimes, in dodging about, they meet with a surprise. A gentleman I know was lately followed by one, who seemed to take him for a poacher, and was trying to conceal himself, in order to fall suddenly upon him. But a gendarme can hide himself almost as easily as an ostrich. Accordingly, some game shortly rising, my friend fired, whether at it or not may be judged from the fact that down from a bush came tumbling *the gendarme* grievously peppered. The gentleman was summoned before the judge; and said he fired at the game — how could he fancy that gendarmes were in every bush? "But," said the judge, "the game was not in a line with the officer." "Perhaps not *precisely* in a line," said the other coolly;

"mais vous voyez, Monsieur Le Juge, que je ne suis pas bon tireur." And so he got off with a reprimand, and an exhortation to fire better the next time; for which he thanked the judge, but said he feared he was too old to improve much. Gendarmes have one great security, however, in the fear with which the people regard them: the yellow and blue stripes make them quake with terror; and most of them would, I verily believe, as soon oppose an angel from heaven.

The *chasse* in France is not opened and closed at one uniform period, as in England. The préfet of each department regulates all relating to it; and opens and closes it with regard to the state of the harvest, &c. This is a good plan, for, as we know in England, the corn is sometimes uncut in September, with consequent annoyance to farmer and sportsman. Generally speaking, the *chasse* opens about the 15th of September and closes about the 10th of February; but it varies even in adjacent departments.

The breed of sporting dogs is tolerably good — good for the country; but we look in vain for the high-bred English animal. The pointer is a coarse-haired, cross-bred creature; but is staunch and hard, which is a great point. One of the peculiar features of the country is the quantity of thick furze, often in tracts of twenty acres, and four or five feet high. Game naturally seeks its shelter there; and to dislodge it is no easy matter. A dog should be clad in mail to face it well; and one of our fine-skinned English pointers would not look at it. But to see a bold country dog dash into it, you might think he was fond of it, and that the prickles only tickled him. Truly such furze was never

seen before; but as it is the real game preserver of Britanny, we must speak well of it. One wet day, when I had been toiling for nothing, and was resting under a bank, I saw a covey quietly drop into a furze field opposite to me. "Bon! I will take your census, and account for you, gentlemen." I marked them down well, tied up my young dog, and with the bitch got into the furze, which was generally above my head. With much struggling, and many exclamations, I reached the place. Presently a flutter at my feet, and a partridge rose, almost touching my face; as it bustled up though the gorse I fired, and it fell; and, while loading, another rose in like manner, which I also killed. It was time to collect the dead; and in pushing after them, head down, through the furze, up got two more, both of which I also dropped. By this time my bitch had brought me one of the first lot, and I sent her for the others; but neither she nor I could find the dead or put up the living; they were snugly housed in the thick cover, and nothing less than a pack of fox-hounds would have roused them. I hunted for half an hour in vain; and came out at last well carbonadoed, with a single bird, leaving behind me some three killed or wounded, and eight or ten remaining birds.

The setter is a better dog for Britanny, being thicker in the coat, and more ready for wood or water; and also retrieving better. There are many decent breeds of setters in the country, and one, a clouded brown and white or strawberry, is equal in quality to anything. They set and beat well, like the water, retrieve beautifully, and are very intelligent. I have a little bitch of this breed,

which for beauty and general usefulness I would back against anything. She is remarkably gentle and orderly, but the toughest worker I ever saw. I have run her for three successive days of twelve hours at least, without reaching the end of her: and she is tolerably fast also, which is rare, as in general slowness is the rule. In woods she is excellent, beating close, and not following cocks when flushed; and in the open country she changes her plan, and ranges free and wide. I have timed her at her point for fifteen minutes; and she would have stood till she dropped. Pity made me relieve her by starting the game, for every muscle was quivering with excitement, and she was ready to drop. But hares are her forte, and there she is superb, and shows an almost human intelligence. One day she pointed in a carrot field, and on nearing her a few birds rose, one of which I killed. But she remained steady like marble. "What can it be?" thought I; "perhaps a dead bird, for the carrots are small, and it is not likely a hare will wait for me after firing and beating about." However, I went up and walked round her, looking here and there, and at last, under her nose, I spied puss couched close in her form. Toho! The bitch looked in my face, as if to say "I told you so," but did not move. I then put up the hare with my foot, and shot her; Belle never moving save at my order to pick up the hare, and bring her to me. In hedges, too, she was admirable. About October hares lie much in hedges, and are difficult to manage; the banks being so high that you cannot see over, and the wood so thick that you cannot get on the bank to command each side. Hence if, as is probable, the hare bolts on the off-

side, you are *done*. But here my bitch shows her mind. She enters a field, turns round as if to ask leave, and takes a gallop round the ditch. Suddenly she halts; snuffs about with her nose in the air; advances slowly a step or two, and points steadily; looking back an invitation to me to be quick. I walk up; but what to do? There is the hare in a thick hedge, with two sides; and not being like the Irish serjeant, who could occupy two posts at once, I cannot secure her. I say to Belle, "Stand steady there, and I will go round by the bottom into the other field; and when ready I will tell you." I then go round; and when within twenty yards of the place, "Hey in, Belle, put her out:" and in dashes Belle, drives out the hare on my side, and I shoot her, much to Belle's delight and my own. This is her frequent practice: and if this be not a proof of reason, I do not know what is. On another occasion I hit a hare hard, but she went away bravely. But Belle was more knowing than I, and followed her against my will; and I lost hare and dog. I shouted, whistled, and looked everywhere, but in vain, and got angry; muttering something about "sound thrashing," and "better manners next time," and so forth. Presently I heard a short distant bark, which I recognised, and, following the sound, arrived at the place. There in a corner lay the hare, nearly dead, and Belle sitting opposite to her. She had evidently been carrying her, but being a very small dog could do so no further; and had therefore called to me to let me know her whereabouts and her difficulty. Was not this reason? It would be well if many men had as much. To call it instinct is a play upon words. Instinct is defined by Paley to be "*prior* to ex-

perience, and independent of instruction." Good. Then those beings capable of benefit *by instruction*, and drawing lessons *from experience*, have something more than instinct; and is not this the case with every well-broken dog? *Instruction and experience are the very means* used to improve him. Either the definition is wrong, or dogs have reason. As Butler, in his "Analogy," well remarks on the general subject, "How do we *know* that the Divine economy does *not* include creatures of this kind?" No one doubts that they have moral affections — as, for instance, that they are governed by rewards and punishments, and evince grateful attachments; and why should we deny them reason? From prejudice, we put ignorance in the place of knowledge, and boldly deny them that of which we know little or nothing.

Well-broken dogs are rare in Britanny, but would not be so very useful. For instance, chasing a hare in England is a crime *læsæ majestatis;* but here it is a useful act. Give your dog time, and he will bring puss round again to you, instead of certainly losing her. In a well-stocked country, of course more harm would be done, by disturbing other game, than good by the recovery of the hare; but Britanny is not in that happy case. If your dog beats freely, finds his game well, and stands steadily to it when found, do not fret yourself about peccadilloes, but be content with him.

For practical uses, French guns are very inferior to English. Outwardly they are much carved and ornamented, and have much frippery; but they do not kill well, neither hitting so hard nor so close as ours. Certainly

the people give them but little help, as their manner of loading is bad. For instance, wadding is rarely used, but, instead, great pieces of paper as large as your hand. You may trace a sportsman by these relics; and newspapers, being cheap and much read, are the usual materials. You may guess the character of your predecessor by his wadding. If it be the "Constitutionnel" or the "Siècle," you have a sporting bourgeois before you; if the "Presse" or the "Charivari," a philosophe or a sprig of nobility; if the "Républicain" or the "Proscrit," a rouge Socialist, of whom *prenez garde.* When a Frenchman kills at twenty-five yards, he thinks it a long shot. Once I dropped a bird at a rather long distance; my friend was in ecstasies: "Eighty yards," said he, "if it was an inch; never saw such a shot," &c.; but on stepping it I found it just forty-five yards. I afterwards heard him telling another person, "Oh, sacr'r', such a shot! *cent* mètres et plus!" In truth, you may wipe their eye, as it is called, as often as you like.

A good English gun is much prized; but few will give the price for it, as French guns seldom exceed 7*l.* or 8*l.* This is just as well, as you look in vain for a well-kept gun. Cleaning is very rarely performed, and it is wonderful so few burst. I once shot with a man whose gun had a hole, a positive hole, in the barrel; it was about as large as a pin's head, and a foot from the muzzle. I took good care to give him a wide berth, but he blazed away without a second thought about it. Another time, in firing at a covey with a Frenchman, whiz went something past my ear. "Hallo! don't shoot *me.*"

"Diable!" said he, "I have lost my *marteau;*" and, sure enough, the hammer of the gun had fled off behind, and in my direction; for be it known that I always get to the rear of a Frenchman. After having narrowly escaped being shot on several occasions, I came to the conclusion that my life was more valuable to me than theirs, and therefore dropped into the rear on their right side. It is frequent to see the results of accidents,—blue marks in the face, a missing finger, or such like; but how they avoid worse I cannot conceive. The same special angel which protects drunkards must keep an eye upon sporting Frenchmen. Both barrels always at full cock, whether climbing a hedge or threading a wood; now and then the trigger pulled with the gun at the hip, and occasionally both triggers at once. Heaven only knows how they escape. Then the cool complacency, the enviable *aplomb* air, with which they claim the bird, though, Lord save 'em! their shot were no nearer to it than themselves. No Saxon can imitate it. Once while shooting with a young man, a bird suddenly rose opposite to me and fled straight away. Bang, bang! went my friend's two barrels *over his left side*, as I distinctly saw, for his gun was across his body, and he pulled the trigger in the hurry of bringing it round. I then fired and killed. "Ah! bon," said he; and while I was loading, he quietly walked forward and pocketed the bird. "Tenez," cried I; "c'est à moi." "Mais, non!" said he, "je tirai, moi." "Yes, over that hedge," I said; "for your gun went off in your hand (as I plainly saw), and the bird was in the air for some seconds afterwards." But he was firm, and had possession. "Where is your wad-

ding?" said I. "There," said our attendant, who saw it all: and there was the wadding some ten yards over his left shoulder, while some thirty yards over the right lay the partridge. He was for once dumb, and gave up the bird.

French powder is coarse and dirty, but strong. I, however, much prefer the English powder. The price of the best French powder is about 6*s.* 6*d.* a pound, and therefore English is smuggled a little, but at great risk. A gentleman who came over, and brought some five or six pounds for friends, was detected with the forbidden fruit in his pockets, and was fined 500 francs, with a narrow escape of prison besides. Until lately it was necessary to have a written permit by the maire to buy even a pound of native powder. This is done to prevent *émeutes*, for which the governors of this land of *liberty* are continually hunting. They therefore proscribe arms and keep down powder; but, in spite of all, many a snug Socialist holds firm to his nonsense, and keeps his powder dry.

Britanny should be the paradise of sporting tailors, for never was such a wear and tear of clothes. The thick woods filled with brambles, which root *at both ends*, and spread an impenetrable armour of chainwork over the ground; the strong furze and the mode of cutting it, which leaves sharp spikes projecting like a *chevaux de frise*, play the deuce with the strongest materials. Some use leather trowsers and smocks, like the North Americans, which are good but warm. A coat soon becomes a jacket by losing the skirts, and if made of good *barragon* is the best I know of, with other "fittings" of leather. At any rate, the seat

of the trowsers should be leathered, on account of the high hedge banks. In some places these are from six to eight feet high, and to jump down some scores of these in a day adds to an already sufficient stock of fatigue. Therefore the natives *slide* instead of jumping down, and, to avoid being impaled by a chance stake, they make their trowsers *bomb-proof* with leather. Here, the game-bag carries all things; no jacket, with labyrinths of pockets making the inmate a perfect man of buckram, but a neat and effective bag or *carnassier*. It is carried high up on the back, where it sits easily and keeps the shoulders warm; or if the wind be in front, it can be brought round to the breast. The worst part of the native productions for the sportsman is the boot. Whoever comes to shoot in Britanny should provide himself with several pairs of the strongest English boots, each of which will wear out three pairs made in the country. The leather is soft, and gives way speedily before heavy work.

There is a degree of jealousy of Englishmen in sporting which is not difficult to explain. National feeling is doubtless one cause, and it is but natural to regard a strange sportsman with dislike, when he is superior to ourselves, and takes a full bag under our very noses where we can only get a half one. But Englishmen have increased this feeling by their conduct. Many of the residents are bad specimens, who have left England for their country's good; and others are pugnacious, and push their nationality to excess on purpose to beard the "*Crapauds*." One gentleman near this place was the terror of the whole country. He half killed a garde de chasse, was had up and fined, paid the

money in a round sum, and thrashed another to take out the change; and once kept three gendarmes at bay for some time. A nobleman near to him had procured some pheasants with much trouble and expense, and placed them in an adjacent coppice. Our friend one day, hearing that he was absent, went straight to the wood, and commenced blazing away. A garde appeared, of whom he made short work, speedily sending him back in a worse plight than he came; then another, who was served in the same way; and meanwhile he shot nearly every bird in the cover. The marquis was furious to learn all this on his return, and immediately informed the authorities, who sent a strong force to capture him. The Englishman was in his house when they came up: he sent his man to lock the front door, and then locked himself in his own room. When they summoned him he did not appear, but his servant assuring them that he was within, they waited some time longer, and then broke open the doors. But they found the bird flown. He had profited by the delay to pack up his valuables in a small compass, had dropped out of his window into the garden, and making direct for a little port, where, luckily for him, was a boat which he knew to be about sailing for England, had got on board and away with him, nor has he again appeared on this side of the water. All this, though plucky, is bad, and injures his countrymen in those parts. I myself found a difficulty in getting my *permis de chasse* shortly after, and, as I gathered from the conversation of the officials, simply because I was English. It is certain that, whatever Messrs. Cobden and Co. and the philanthropists may say to the contrary, there is a strong sub-

stratum of dislike towards us. Politeness gives a smoothness to his outside; but let some of the rubs of life occur, and the Frenchman turns out rough enough. This is the fruit of the constant wars and rivalry of the last 500 years. Whole provinces held by the English; scores of towns sacked and pillaged; Paris in our possession twice in our own time; and all this exaggerated by tradition: can we wonder if they feel a little sore towards us? At this moment there are thousands of living Frenchmen who were our prisoners of war, for, in truth, almost all their seamen were taken at one time or other during the war, and these have well nursed their wrath and kept it alive until the present time. Of course, prisoners of war cannot be treated like guests, and hence many a long score of offence. I heard of one man in a neighbouring village, who, on his return from an English prison, made a vow that he would kill the first Englishman he met, and I dare say he performed it. Think too of the prejudices excited against us! Why, part of the stock-in-trade of a government is to blacken its opponents; and think of this in war! For instance, the Englishman, when he buttons on his great coat, thinks that the broad cloth encloses the most honest and frank *par excellence* of God's creatures. All right and straightforward, nothing sneaking about *him*, thank Heaven! But what says, or at any rate *thinks*, the Frenchman on the subject? Why, that the aforesaid John is a puffed up, vulgar fellow, full of obsolete prejudices, deriving his influence from his purse; an overgrown bully, overbearing in peace and cowardly in war. The Frenchman conquers by fair fight, but *sneaking John* uses the dagger and the poison. Gently, good John!

do not flare up at this and begin to swear, but laugh rather, as you can well afford to do at such nonsense; merely remembering for the future to be more moderate towards your Gallic neighbours, who can no more help their national feelings than they can add a cubit to their stature.

For example, as to poison and assassination. Take up any French history of the last war, and you will find repeated fifty times the *assumed fact* that the English government *had constantly in its pay* a band of men to *poison or murder* Bonaparte. Every Frenchman devoutly believes this. An epidemic which prevailed in 1810 in Britanny was ascribed by the "Moniteur," the official newspaper, to the people eating a lot of infected sheep which were stated to have been landed by *the British government* on the coast, for the express purpose of poisoning those whom they could not otherwise subdue. Napoleon carefully fostered all this credulity, as it materially assisted him, and the people believed it more than the Bible. I have had repeated complaints of the treatment of French prisoners in England, though from my own knowledge I can say, that *as such* they were very well treated. It is, perhaps, useless to retort, but I have never omitted telling them that one of my uncles, an officer who was a prisoner of war at Brest and L'Orient, was marched about the country without shoes, and almost without clothes, and was fed chiefly on black bread and water; and I remember him saying, that in one prison the rats were so numerous as to oblige one of their number to mount guard at night to save the others from being devoured alive. But how strong is national prejudice? Facts take their appearance from it as

objects from a coloured glass, and lose their real value. We have enough of it in England, and may thence judge. For instance, the Englishman leans back in his chair with the most perfect confidence that English soldiers are the best in the world, and at any rate that one Englishman can beat two Frenchmen. But cross the Channel and the picture is reversed, as the Frenchman thinks just the same of *his* soldiers. "But let facts speak," say you. "Out with them," says he, "and you will see how it is directly. Bah! to talk of the English army; *c'est bétise:* you can hardly say *you have* an army: 50,000 men. why it is but a division of the *grande armée* of France. And then Wellington, *toujours* Wellington—poh! a decent general officer, *voilà tout!*" You refer to facts, i. e. *French facts;* and what do you find? Why, that many battles which we claim, they claim also; and that where the victory cannot be disputed, they say we were five against one. On the column of victory in Paris are inscribed the names of Salamanca, Talavera, Toulouse, and others of *our* victories in Spain, —so many indeed, that I only wonder some wag has not added the name of Waterloo. In a history of the French army now before me, we are described as being 80,000 to 35,000 at Salamanca; three to one at Vittoria, and five to one at the Nivelle. At Orthes we are said to have been beaten; Badajoz and St. Sebastian are passed over in silence; and Wellington is charged with *expressly* permitting all kinds of "cannibalic" excesses in Spain, notwithstanding the Gurwood dispatches. It is amusing to read the minute details of battles with the Austrians, Prussians, and even the poor Spaniards who could not fight at all, and the little

that is said of battles with the English. Indeed, they now and then praise the bravery of the former; but as to the latter, even when they *are* victorious they will *not* give them the palm. It is evident where the shoe pinches. As to Waterloo, they cannnot deny the fact; but what then,—"We were beaten, but not by the English; it was the Prussians that did it. Besides, were you not 160,000 against 60,000, and four nations against one — Prussians, Germans, Belgians, and English? who could stand against that? As for you English, all the world knows that *you* were dead beaten by four o'clock in the day, and Wellington preparing to retreat." But, as an old naval friend once said, the only retreat he made was upon Paris. I have a detailed and authorised account of the battle by Valaubelle (Paris, 1845), where these facts are enlarged upon and others added for variety, as the preface states that the truth had not been yet declared on the subject. It gives the number of the French as 65,000 with a small artillery, against 160,000 with a full park of guns, but complacently states that Wellington had chosen *such a bad position* as, in some degree, to neutralise the difference in force. Having a wood in his rear is the chief part of this "*faute horrible*" of Wellington; but it has always struck me as a great excellence, as in case of a defeat it rendered pursuit by the enemy's cavalry impossible, and would give time to the scattered troops to rally. Besides, a great wood is like a fortress *for defence.* Hougoumont is stated to have been carried by assault at two o'clock, and the style is truly Napoleon's. They come to him to report that the English resist well. He says "Bon!" and reflects a minute;

then taking up a map, and pointing to a certain spot, adds, "Qu'on *y* prenne du canon et huit obusiers, et que tout cela finisse;" or (as if he were an enchanter), "Place cannon and eight howitzers *there*, and finish all this;" and, adds Valaubelle, "In half-an-hour after this our infantry drove out the English, and were established in the position." Every well-informed man knows that this is a flat falsehood, as Hougoumont *was never taken*, but remained in our possession to the end of the fight. But the book goes on: "At two o'clock, the first line of the English being overthrown, and many regiments of infantry being in full retreat on the Brussels road, Wellington saw the necessity of doing something strong, and ordered some dragoons to charge the French infantry. A *distribution of brandy* was made to these dragoons, and the *curbs* of the bridles *taken away*. The dragoons rush on, and all necessarily gives way to the furious shock of these horses, whose *half-drunken* riders could no longer direct their course; but the confusion in the French ranks was soon restored," &c. &c. And this is the new version of the splendid charge of our heavy brigade, which captured two standards and made 2000 men prisoners! The idea of taking off the curbs and making the men drunk is quite French. But (as pursues the book) the fight waxes warmer and we get worse and *worser;* six standards taken from us (query, from what regiments?) are presented in due form to the Emperor, and all are impatient for the magic touch which is to finish the work. The Duke's iron face begins to melt like butter; he is "*visiblement alarmé.*" The English artillerymen grow funky, and run for shelter into the squares; the

cavalry (drunk and sober) are destroyed; the infantry broken and in disorder. The moment for the *coup de grâce* is come, and, on the signal of the Emperor, Ney advances sword in hand at the head of his column. It reaches the foot of the hill under a shower of balls, and Ney, vexed by the pepper, directs a regiment to carry the guns with the bayonet: it is done; the line of squares is broken and three annihilated (query, which?); the ground groans under the dead and dying; all is over with the English, — when *Sacre! Diable!* down drop from the clouds the Prussians! Never were uninvited guests at a select party so unwelcome. So sudden is their appearance, that the French take them for friends, and are about to "*donner la main*" to them, when instead of civility they receive a volley. This unkind reception is so entirely "*imprévu*," that the French think themselves betrayed, and retire in disorder. Ney's column, not having quite enough to do at this moment, begins to look about, hesitates, halts, and stares at the Prussians. Other columns do the same, and old Blucher becomes the very Medusa of the field. Then Wellington makes an effort and plucks up again, by *some conjuring* at once recovers his *destroyed* cavalry and his *captured* artillery, brings into line his runaway infantry, and moves slowly down on the French, pushing them back; not by hard fighting or superior valour — nothing of the kind, but simply because he happens to be coming *down hill*, and so (as the book says) "*par le seul effet du poids*" the French are obliged to "move off," in good fellowship as it were, the English being evidently afraid to stir up the French tiger again; and if he would go peaceably, so much the

better. But again come in the vagabond Prussians (bad manners to them!) and spoil all, and, without as much as "by your leave or with your leave," let fly right and left and throw all into a heap, pending the which the night falls, and the French disappear. Such was the end of this "*étrange bizarrerie*," as the book calls it. "The fault of the Duke becomes his salvation," says Mons. Valaubelle. He had a forest in his rear, which made retreat *impossible*, otherwise thrice during the day he would have retreated. That which ought to have ruined him, ended by saving him. This is not bad. The Duke was a fool, and the English were cowards. The victory was a grand mistake, *voilà tout!*

But the argument proves too much. If such was the low state of the English, what was the state of those who allowed themselves to be conquered by them? If Hougoumont and La Haye Sainte were taken by two o'clock in the day, and the British beaten at all points, how comes it that they were not finished off totally? Either Napoleon was a clumsy bungler, or the Duke and his army were equal to Leonidas and his Spartans. But this account is a type of many; and, therefore, can we wonder that the French dispute our pretensions to military glory? I verily believe that they regard us as existing on sufferance, and that if at any time they chose to put their arm out we should vanish into infinite space. An old soldier once gravely informed me, that after the taking of Mogador by the Prince de Joinville, it was *arranged* that he should return by Gibraltar, and after taking it, that he should *capture England*, but that something made them change their plan. I said it was unreasonable for the Government to cut out so

much work for one man; but he replied, "Mais non." Even as sailors they profess to be our equals. Last war say they, was badly managed, full of what they call mistakes—French ships running into English harbours, and so on; but *allons*—let us try another, and *nous verrons*. It is certain that the French fleet is now in fine order, and superior to any they have ever had afloat, and the very possession of such splendid vessels of itself inspires confidence. Let us therefore beware, and keep our fleet well up to the mark. A short time since I went over the Friedland, of 120 guns and 1200 men, as fine a ship as ever swam; and in the same squadron there were three others like her. Of course it is the crew who must do the work, and on them will mainly depend the result; but *there* also a great improvement has been made. The French merchant marine has greatly extended during the long peace, and there is an extra number of boys on board all the men-of-war, learning their business. A gun-brig of fourteen guns, whose captain was an acquaintance, and invited me to visit him on board, was half-manned by boys, and he apologised for it to me; for the signal being given by the admiral to furl the sails, my friend was the last in the fleet to accomplish it, being, in fact, short-handed in able seamen. This brig, by-the-bye, had fourteen horizontal howitzers instead of ordinary guns, and so could throw shells point blank if required;—a very dangerous variety.

But I am straying from my point, and must hark back to the field. Wolves and wild boars yet exist in considerable numbers in France. In Britanny there are frequent hunts, and the provincial papers often contain accounts of

their ravages. One killed a cow a few hundred yards hence last year, and another came into my garden on a nightly prowl. Within the last month, at Guing-camp, a wolf entered the town, and actually wounded sixty-two persons, and threw the place into as much consternation as a horde of Cossacks would have done. The people seemed paralysed with fear, and could do nothing until he was gone. Sheep are very frequently destroyed by them. In each district is a louvetier, who has a certain allowance for keeping a pack of wolf-hounds, with which he is expected to go wherever his presence is wanted; and a sum of twenty-five francs is paid for every wolf's head produced at the mairie. In England they would be speedily extirpated; but here, from want of energy, they linger on, damaging the farmer and alarming every body. The wolf-hunt is an apt type of many a Frenchman, "all sound and fury, signifying nothing." I was once invited to one by the louvetier, and accompanied by a friend I went. We got to the rendezvous at 8 A.M., and found a motley host assembled. All arms were in requisition, from the blunderbuss to the flail; and when we sallied out, in number exceeding a hundred, Falstaff would have been ashamed of our company, and would have flatly refused to march through Coventry with us. Before starting we were regaled with the tantararara's of half-a-dozen French hunting horns of the antique form, which, with the shrieks of the crowd, made enough noise to scare the dead; then came the parting cup, and the word being given, the mob was let loose against the enemy, who dwelt, it was believed, in a forest about a mile off. Thither we

went. "No wolf to-day," said I to my friend, "unless he be a greater fool than I take him for;" and so it proved. At cross-roads a halt was made, and a council called to examine the numerous relics *of the coprolite order* usually deposited there. These were handled and smelt at, and finally pronounced to be the visiting cards of Monsieur Loup. There was, however, no doubt that he had been there, as on the previous night he had killed eleven sheep on a neighbouring farm, leaving the carcasses for the farmer; for the wolf is a dainty eater, and only picks a bit here and there as suits his palate. As soon as we arrived at the forest, we received the reports of the piqueurs or keepers, and all was satisfactory; the wolf, or rather wolves, had been there, and had not been seen to go away. The gentlemen with guns were then posted at the discretion of the louvetier, and the dogs were uncoupled and turned in. The horns sounded, the dogs bayed, men halloed, and all was excitement. In such a chase they converse by means of the horn, having distinct points or *mots* for each phrase; for instance, one blast announces a wolf, another a fox, another a hare, and so on, even down to the discovery of a coprolite! With all this, and the natural communicativeness of the nation, it may be imagined that there is no lack of blasting among them. At my particular request, I got posted alone in a quiet nook, and had hopes that by keeping still I might have some chance of seeing his majesty. The horns were sounding furiously; "There must be something," and I anxiously looked out. But an hour passed, the horns as lively as ever, but no wolf; another hour, and still plenty of music,

but nothing else; so I thought I would visit the adjacent posts and inquire the news. There I found them as jolly as bacchanals; the single sentinels had grown tired, and had joined their neighbours, and the line was broken up into small smoking and drinking parties, singing and laughing merrily. The best hope was, that if the wolf was a jolly fellow he might be attracted *to make one;* but he being somewhat of an exclusive, with a high estimate of his own value, at least to himself, and being endowed by nature with excellent eyes, ears, and nose, this hope was not worth much. I therefore returned to my post. Presently a gun was fired close at hand, followed by shouts and the baying of dogs. The master of the pack was then standing with me, and we both ran up. We found that a farmer had fired at the wolf; he had come dashing through the thicket, and he was certain he had hit him. "Bring up the old dog," said the master; and up came the old dog and down went his nose, but he said nothing The farmer persisted that it was the wolf; one said one thing, and one another; at last the whole pack were assembled, and they gave no sign, except that one had *recent* marks of shot on his side! Then began a pretty row, the louvetier and the farmer mutually swearing as Frenchmen only can swear; the dogs yelping, the piqueurs looking foolish; and so ended the wolf-hunt. Then the *general* chasse began, and how we escaped it is hard to say, as every man fired at everything; and after burning powder enough to have blown up the forest, we returned with a fox and a hare, which latter had been cruelly murdered by a peasant. The wolves were probably some twenty miles

off, having taken the many hints given to them; and thus it always is. To kill a wolf requires much skill and perfect stillness. A few good sportsmen at break of day can do it, but with a daylight mob it is a farce. We then adjourned to the village from which we had started, making a triumphal entry, the horns in full work blowing the "morts" of Reynard and poor puss, and women and children looking admiringly on. Then came the feast, to which each contributed his share, and loud was the vaunting and numerous the *Munchausens* uttered. Wolves seemed to be thicker than sparrows, and boars too, and each sportsman slew his imaginary thousands. Then followed a shooting match, in which chance and gravity stood me in good stead. We fired at a mark on an oak tree. The French went first, and fired wide. Then came my friend with a large bore rifle, with which he sent a ball close to the mark, throwing splinters far and near. Then came my turn. The mark being nearly invisible, I elected to aim at the hole my friend had made, and, as good luck had it, I put my ball right into the hole. "Voilà ces Anglais comment ils tirent,—comme toujours." I said nothing, but tossed my gun over my arm as if I could do it again if I liked, and declined shooting again until some one had improved on my shot. The fact was, the shot was a chance, and I thought it better not to hazard my reputation by another.

Such is the wolf-hunt; and, as a natural consequence, wolves are on the increase in the country. With wolf-hunts well managed they would soon be exterminated; but, as it is, it is the Epping hunt on foot, with Bretons

instead of Cockneys. Although there is little preserving in Britanny, the peasants poach. Game is valuable, and the *permis de chasse* dear, and hence the poaching. The authorities, too, are very lax in this particular, which is curious, as Heaven knows they do not deserve to be taxed with laxness generally, but the contrary; for they meddle and poke their noses into everything. The gendarmes pretend to be constantly after unlicensed sportsmen; and yet the sale of game goes on without question. I have seen in the market of a small town thirty or forty brace of birds, fifty hares (few killed by shot or dog), and twenty or thirty cocks, all offered for sale by peasants, *and no questions asked.* I have often wondered where it all comes from; but the peasant is awake, and has constant opportunities. He knows where the hare runs, and nooses her; snares the cocks; and nets or kills the partridges at roost. By these means he destroys large quantities. In France a sportsman (so called) will kill a whole covey on the ground, if he can; and thinks it anything but unsportsmanlike. On the contrary, to destroy a dozen at one sitting shot, is a grand feat to the *pot* sportsman. A gentleman once told me that, having marked down a covey at night, he went early in the morning to find them. Presently he saw the head of one, and, on whistling, all lifted up to look about, when—bang, bang! and the whole covey was destroyed. "C'était un coup excellent," said he.

In one of my expeditions to a wild part of the country I dropped on a singular old man, who lived by his rod and gun. He had served with Napoleon, and had re-

tired to the somewhat congenial life of poaching. He was a complete Robinson Crusoe. His hut was built by himself, and was filled with rods, guns, nets, and various professional nicknacks; and was tenanted by himself, two or three wiry looking dogs, and a little niece who cooked for him. At first he was rather surly with me; but, when he discovered that I was no "beak," he became civil and pleasant enough; and frequently went out with me to show me the country, every yard of which he knew perfectly. He was shrewd and sensible; but had a strange ignorance about England. For instance, he asked me whether England was part of France, and whether it was in London; and then, when I said no, he asked what London was — a country, a town, or what? He could not imagine what an island was, by any means whatever. But the ignorance about England, even in the better classes, passes all belief, yet is easily explained. The French travel little, and read less; and knowledge is not instinctive. A curious example of this was observed by a friend, not a month ago, who himself told me the story. He was discussing with a respectable merchant the question of criminal punishments. The Frenchman praised the English system. "Here in France," said he, "we send them to the dockyards, which is enormously expensive; with the additional evil of having, in the very heart of the country, a band of men, the enemies of all property, who at any moment may be turned loose upon us. We send a few to Algiers; but there they are equally expensive, and corrupt the rising colony also. No! The English system is, after all, the best." "But," said my friend, "the objections of expense

and corruption equally apply to our system; with a force increasing with the greater distance and greater population of our colonies compared with yours." "Yes," said the other, "but then how few convicts ever reach their destination!" "How so," said the other, "when we annually transport some two thousand, and the passage is a good one." "My dear Sir," replied the Frenchman, "pardon me, but you are *singularly* ignorant of your own country. I thought everybody knew what the English system is, and why it is so cheap and effectual." "For heaven's sake," said my friend, "tell me what you mean; for the soul of me, I cannot make it out." "Simply this, my dear Sir, that it is well known that English criminals sentenced to transportation for life *are all drowned on the passage.* They are put on board with the others in the usual way, but on reaching deep water a trap-door is drawn in their apartment, and they are let into the sea, and got rid of; and a good plan it is. Do you really mean to say that you never heard of this before?" "Never in my life," cried my friend, with indignation and laughter mingled: "it is almost too absurd to contradict; but I cannot help saying, it is an infamous calumny on England." The Frenchman shrugged his shoulders, and departed; doubtless musing, as deeply as the Gallic mind would admit, on the incredible ignorance of Englishmen, as to their own country. One may hope that the Exhibition will have dispersed much of this darkness. The worst of it is, that the generality of the French travellers devote so little time to the work. One of my friends, who went to London for the first time, set aside *two days and a half* to see London *and* the Exhibition, and

thought it *triste!* Others gave six days for the Exhibition, London, and the environs; and on their return said, they never saw the sun, and found no meat but beefsteaks. Another, who during a whole week rode only in an omnibus, and by way of economy took no drink but *vin ordinaire* —in other words, *claret*,—returned, saying that there was positively nothing to see in London; and that, as to hotel living, it was absolutely ruinous. One expressed his astonishment to find the English "so well dressed." He had probably imagined them breechless savages. Another, who chiefly looked on the French department, said that England had actually nothing in the Exhibition; and so on. In fact, all went full of prejudices, and had not enough time to do more than shake a little of the dust from them. Ignorant of the English language, and with little of the genuine travelling instinct, they could do nothing more.

Britanny is excellent for losing the way in. The roads are hollow and winding, and the country of a similar character throughout. Furze-covered hills, separated by wooded valleys, are the main features; and it requires some time to know the peculiar marks which distinguish one district from another. Often, in trying to find my way to some place where I had previously found game, have I been much puzzled; and in following the insensible windings of a valley have debouched on a point far distant. One day, in December, I started with a friend to beat some good woodcock woods, which we had shot through in the preceding year, and lying about five miles away. We shot across the intervening country, seeing little game, and at last arrived at the neighbourhood. "Ah!" said I, "there

it is, I remember that hill;" and on we pushed to a hill a mile a-head, but no woodcock wood was there. Then my friend took up the track, and said it was to the right, and there we went; but were still wrong. The country grew wilder — neither house nor man to be seen — and no game; so we retired to a hedge, and took some *provand*, and afterwards went on merrily, as we felt certain the point was before us. At length we reached a hill, from which a long look convinced us that at least for five miles a-head there was nothing likely, and that we were wholly out of our bearings. "Bout ship" accordingly, and we began to return. Daylight grew fainter, and no one was visible to ask the way. After an hour we spied a peasant, who told us we were a long way from home, but that in three miles we should arrive at a good road, which would lead us home. So we followed the track he pointed out, which, like all bye-roads in winter, was ankle-deep in mud, though better than the furze. When we reached the main road it was dark; and we found we had nine miles to walk. It snowed incessantly, and we reached home about eight o'clock, well tired, and as white as millers. A curious thing happened that day. On my friend joining me he had a strange dog with him. "What! another dog!" said I. "No;" said he, "he followed me from a baker's shop, where I stopped for some bread; and I am told he belongs to nobody. However, he *would* follow me; so let us try him." The dog did tolerably well; fed when we fed; and left us when we got in at night. I found out that he was an independent dog, without incumbrance; liked the chase and good living; and hung about the bakers' shops, knowing that

sportsmen often call there to fill their wallet, and then chose his man according to his liking; and so got sport and his dinner. Not a bad economist, this four-footed Dugald Dalgetty.

Another reason why it is difficult to find your way is the constant cutting of wood and furze. One year you find a splendid woodcock coppice, and fill your bag. You duly note it down for the next year, and make a resolve to go to it, when, you find the hill is as bare as your hand, and not cover for a mouse. In another quarter a coppice becomes a wood; in another, a huge tract of furze, which was desperately in the way, disappears totally; and in another, a favourite beat becomes impassable. All these changes must be well noted and remembered; and hence an accurate knowledge of the country is nowhere more necessary than in Britanny. Whatever you may do in the way of shooting preparations, do not neglect a good stock of prog. Do not be led away by dreams of a jolly English farmer, with his foaming tankard, and hunch of bread and cheese, and hearty welcome; in Britanny you will get little but black bread and water, and that you must pay for. The people are poor and inhospitable, and have miserable fare, even if they were otherwise; therefore remember the worthy Dugald aforesaid, and after laying in a good stock of *provand* in your skin, put the rest into your bag. I once got planted in a furze field, and, but for the timely help of my bag, I doubt if I should have ever got out again. It was desirable to cross it, and I had, before entering it, taken the points, as I thought, pretty well. At the edges it was not so thick, and I got

on pretty well; but, as I advanced, it got thicker and higher, gradually reaching above my head. Still I scrambled on, thinking I should speedily emerge on the open country. My dogs followed, liking it as little as myself. After many tumbles I sat down. "Bad work this, Belle," said I; and she looked an expressive "Bad enough." The furze was far above my head, and yet too weak to climb, and so thick as to be most difficult to work through. After about a mile I was nearly done; and had I not had my bag, which afforded me a drop of brandy and a bit of meat, I believe I must have passed the night there, which would not have been to my mind, for the furze was by no means so soft as feathers. But, after so splicing the mainbrace, I took a fresh start, and at last reached the outside, and was never better pleased with the green fields. On surveying the place, I found the field was not more than half a mile across, but I had been beating about it in all ways, like the sailors after Ariel.

Knowledge of the country is also especially valuable with respect to the game. In a well-gamed country you may find game almost anywhere; but in Britanny they are to be found only in certain spots. Then appears the difference between the good sportsman and the ordinary one. The one finds his eight or ten coveys a day, refinding them again and again, and getting plenty of sport; the other gets a chance shot at a covey or two, which goes he knows not where; and returns fagged, with a flabby bag, declaring that there is nothing in the country but bogs and briars. Some experience, and acquaintance with the habits of game enables the sportsman to discover with tolerable accuracy their where-

abouts. Partridges are thinly scattered over the country, perhaps a covey to a square mile. In this square mile is land of various kinds, and the birds change their place often; but a good sportsman will rarely miss finding them. Sometimes the land is well disposed, and the finds easy. For instance, in a furze heath of perhaps 500 acres are two or three acre patches, which the industry of man has won from the waste, and sown with corn. To know all these patches well is a point gained; but it is not so easy. No help will be given by the natives, as each keeps the secret well to himself; but there morning and evening the covey will probably be found, and once found may be marked to another patch, if you know its direction and the path to it. Similar patches are to be found in the woods, with similar results. Marking is most difficult, unless with this knowledge. The birds wheel round a clump of wood, or dive into a hollow, and under such a cover skim quietly to their favorite haunt, perhaps far distant; for a flight of a mile is not uncommon. The high hedges intercept the view in the enclosed country; and to these, and the impregnable furze, is the preservation of game owing. But for these, it would have long disappeared before the army of *chasseurs* continually in pursuit of it. The number of sportsmen is enormous, beyond all English ideas. For instance, in this commune, containing about 20,000 inhabitants, are 400 licensed *chasseurs!* Think of that. Englishmen need not come here for shooting, that is certain.

The woodcock is an eccentric character — a bird *sui generis*, changing his quarters without apparent cause; but even he has his customs also, and his favorite re-

treats. Everybody knows that he feeds far in the full moon, and stays at home in the dark; but everybody does not know how he is affected by the wind. A warm wind coaxes him far away; when with a cold wind he wraps himself up, and sits close, despite the moon and her beams. The country here is finely disposed for cock-shooting — miles of wood on a hill-side, a brook at bottom; damp marshy hollows, thick with birch and alder, and strips of soft-green meadow for him to feed in or flit over in his noiseless flight. There is something very pleasant in cock-shooting. The bird is hard to find, and not easy to kill, and a prize when obtained; and the scenery is varied and beautiful, for he loves the picturesque. It is always exciting, as the bird may rise at any moment; and you must be well on the alert, as you may only see him for a second, or even be obliged to fire by the ear. I always used two setters, trained not to range more than fifty yards, and each with a bell to his collar. I found them as good as spaniels, and not so disturbing. It is useless flushing birds out of shot, *except for irritation;* and a second, or at any rate a third, flush, sends the bird out of all mark, as in such case he will sometimes fly a mile. I remember flushing a cock for the third time, and he was so enraged that he continued in the air for at least a quarter of an hour, and finally went out of all vision. Their flight is very singular, sometimes slow and heavy; sometimes devious, like an owl; at others, more rapid than the hawk or the swift, and with such unaccountable twists and turns as set the best eyes at defiance. Once a woodcock rose before me with great rapidity. I kept my eye

upon him, but lost him round a tree; and the moment after, on looking back, I saw the bird going away *behind me* at a hundred miles an hour; and evidently he had turned sharp round, and fled back close to me without my seeing him. Sometimes I have found them on the open field, lying close and steady to the dog, like partridges; this is a pleasant variety, as they go away like "streaked lightning," and are difficult to kill. I always used very small shot, No. 9., with the second barrel of larger size for a thicket; and the bird being tender, and falling at a touch, may be fired at from almost any distance. They are certainly very peculiar in their tastes. I know one place where I invariably find a cock; it is a dry ditch, under some furze bushes, with nothing particular about it that I can make out. A wooded marshy ditch I can understand, but a dry ditch on a hill is singular.

Occasionally they congregate, long after their arrival. One morning I started early to shoot a large wood, eight miles off; the wind was unusually high, and the weather stormy. The place was of a good character, but was hard to beat, except with a strong force, as the trees were large and thick, and the wood upwards of 500 acres. We got in, and began to beat about; but nothing could we find, neither high nor low. At length we reached the end, and came to a small coppice of half an acre. "Perhaps they may be here," I thought, "but the growth is too recent for much." In went the dogs, and up rose a flight of cocks, like pheasants, at the end of a cover. I got six shots, but was clumsy, and only bagged a couple; but they had evidently been holding a parliament there, driven probably

by the wind for shelter. I afterwards beat some six miles of very likely ground, valley and coppice, without flushing another bird. An event occurred that day which I shall long remember. I called at a house for something, and found it full of people talking and making a noise. I sat down, and was suddenly startled by a peculiar sound behind me. On turning round I beheld a woman *in the act of dying;* and the sound which startled me was the death-rattle in her throat. I was much shocked, and immediately rose. The poor creature had been dreadfully burnt by falling on the fire, and was dying; and the fact being known, the house was crowded with lookers-on. There was neither sorrow nor sympathy that I could see, but hard looks and hard words; and I was glad to leave the place. The woman, I afterwards learnt, died almost immediately. To die like a dog in a ditch was better than this.

The snipe abounds in Britanny, and gives a pleasing variety to a day's sport. If nothing else turns up, you are sure of Mr. Longbill, and nothing in a small way beats good snipe-shooting with a steady dog. Ducks are not very common. There are few lakes, and those few are well beaten; but in the winter, when they are driven to the brooks, they give good sport. They are, however, too near the sea to be always good. Quail are found occasionally, and on the hills are plenty of red-legged partridges. The red leg is a fine handsome bird, but not equal for sport or table to the common partridge. They are hard to put up, and will run for a mile, and tease young dogs very much; but when up, they fly to Old Harry, and require good eyes to mark them. Rabbits are plentiful, but are

difficult to start from the furze; and hares are also plentiful, but, from the furze and thick hedges, are hard to get at. In fact, a *varied* bag may be made, if not a heavy one, and I much prefer variety to weight. Let us take a sample of a day's sport.

5th November. — Set out in good order, my man carrying my bag. The morning was hazy, but fresh, and promised a fine day. My two dogs, Belle and Ponto, had not been out for three days, and jumped merrily about me, showing plainly that the pleasures of the chase are not for man only. We walked a mile, and then diverged to beat a small valley edged with wood, which generally held a cock. We reached the coppice, and "Hey in, Belle!" and Belle went in, while the dog took the hedge and ditch, and my man went to a point in front to mark. The bell on the bitch's collar tinkled cheerfully for some time, but suddenly ceased, and presently "puffle, puffle" announced the flushing of a woodcock. I did not see it, but a shout from my man showed that it was marked down. I went on, and looking up, saw a cock dashing down right upon me. I hate a coming on shot, but I managed to bring him down. A little further a rustle in the hedge made me turn round, and stealing through the underwood behind me I saw puss creeping quietly away. I could not resist the shot but believe she went off untouched, at least she lost no time in growing scarce. The marked cock we could not make out at all; probably he had risen again immediately as they often do, and had wheeled round the wood and settled down behind me. Some open country followed, in which a covey rose wild and flew far ahead. "All right for the

remise those," and we followed them. We reached the spot in a quarter of an hour, a little patch of stubble surrounded by high furze, a sporting oasis. Jean, my man, was for going at them at once; but "*tenez*, Jean, those birds have alighted in the furze near the corn, and will soon be upon it to feed, and then is our time." So I took out my pipe and bided my time *au Français*. In another quarter of an hour we moved again, and getting the wind, the dogs quietly entered the stubble. In half a minute Belle snuffed, drew a moment, and stood steadily; Ponto also catching the scent at another angle and pointing dead. It was a picture for Landseer. I walked up between them and whirr, whirr, r r! rose the covey in a hurry, for we were close upon them. I took the first bird and killed it, but missed with my second barrel, and as the birds went back to their first rise, I was obliged to leave them, hoping to see them again in returning. The furze gave us nothing but scratches and *sacres* from Jean, but on the other side was a stubble of oats, a generally sure find. "Hey away dogs!" and I walked in. Nothing appeared, and I was drawing towards the outside of it; but where was Belle? We looked and whistled in vain. She was pointing somewhere without doubt, but where? So I returned along the ditch. On turning a corner, there she stood like a statue, some fifty yards off in the ditch bottom, turning her head round cautiously now and then, as much as to say, "Come along, here they are." I reached her, and from the ditch rose a nice covey of eight or ten which had been feeding, and had probably retired there on seeing me enter the field. Bang! bang! and one fell, another going off

heavily hit. Mark! and they skimmed away over a large wood opposite to us. Bad job that! we shall never find them in that wood. *Suddenly they disappeared:* ah! ah! gentlemen, I have ye. We entered the wood, and in the middle discovered a beautiful patch of fern and low bushes of about an acre. Here are the birds, but we must beat close. As I spoke one rose at the edge of the wood flying badly as having been hit, and I brought him down; but as I fired the rest rose also, one after the other, in provoking regularity, and all out of distance, nor could we afterwards find them. The truth was we had given them too little time to scatter among the fern. A Frenchman would have looked at his watch and sat down for ten minutes; and had I done so I might have secured all. In traversing the wood the dog sniffed about in a puzzled way. I thought it was a snake and looked round, when a bright eye looking out of a tuft of grass steadily met mine. "Soho! come in, Ponto." It was difficult to deal with her in the thicket, on the edge of which she lay, but there was a little glade on the side, in which I should have a chance, if I could make her take that way. I moved quietly on one side and touched her with my foot. Ithuriel's spear was not more effectual to rouse the apparently sleeping mass, and out she bounced with a vengeance, and darted up the glade like lightning. But faster sped the leaden hail, and in a second puss was stretched upon the grass.

A cock or two were flushed by the dogs, but out of sight; and on leaving the wood we came on to a wide valley, wooded on each side, and with a stream and strip of meadow in the middle. "Woodcocks here if anywhere," and so it

proved, as we speedily flushed several, but the dogs ranging wild, and the trees being close, I was unfortunate with them. For my own part I always prefer the field to the wood. Your shots are then generally clean ones though fewer, and you can mark your birds better, and not leave a wounded one to die in a hole, as is often the case. Cocks, too, lie most frequently on the edge of a wood, or within a very few yards of it, ready for a flight. I then got out of the wood, leaving my man to beat; and certainly there were cocks enough, but an evil spirit possessed them, and they would not come near me. But the wood was a picture for woodcock shooting. The coppice-wood was large and unequal,with here and there a forest tree. Patches of alder and willow told of marsh and bog, and in other parts, hollies and occasional spruce firs of small growth afforded shelter or a promenade; for your woodcock is a dandy in his way, and likes his promenade. I have often noticed the ground under such a bush quite white with their chalking, and a friend told me that he had once noticed a cock shuffling up and down there, pluming himself and strutting in evident delight. But I was as unlucky out of the wood as within it. There were lots of birds but nothing suited; the good shots were too far, the nearer ones I missed, until I got vexed and commenced blazing away at all rates with no better luck, and at last grew sulky and retired from the place. Getting over the hedge I trod upon a hare. Off went both barrels, and with no success as I thought. But my bitch thought otherwise and dashed after the hare who disappeared, leaving me to load and wait. Suddenly looking up I saw

puss coming straight upon me. She had probably been hit, and the dogs running her close had thought her only danger was in the rear, and had I stood still I believe she would have come bolt against me, but I spared her the trouble and gave her the *coup de grace*, when she rolled over and over almost to my feet. My man began to think he should be loaded; and as it was feeding time and a good place, we got out the tin case, the dogs rolling about with great joy and gradually settling upon their ends, with eyes fixed on me watching for their turn of the entertainment, to which they always applied themselves with much good breeding. Belle fed first in right of age and sex, and Ponto never interfered until she was served, waiting for his turn with great patience. After feeding we started again and picked up a couple of snipe on our way to a likely partridge ground, where, as it was drawing near to their feeding time also, I expected to find them. In crossing a turnip field a single bird rose under my feet, which I killed, and the same moment arose a most horrible yell in the next field, and a man appeared on the hedge-bank screaming and making antics like one possessed with a demon. "Go and see what is the matter," said I. My man went, and great was the gesticulation, and long and loud the talk. "He says you have shot him, monsieur," shouted Jean; and sure enough I had peppered him smartly. I had never seen him, but the shot had touched him in descending, and suggested the idea of making a franc or two out of it. After this I found some more birds which I missed, and evening coming on I made for the high road, lighted my pipe, and began my march of some four miles

homewards. When it was quite dusk I heard a loud rushing noise above my head, and a covey passed over, making for a favourite roosting-place close at hand. I had never fired in the dark before, but I followed them, poking carefully among the furze, and presently they rose. I fired at the sound and ran up in hopes to find something on the ground, but nothing was there, and I returned to Jean looking rather foolish. As we followed the road, Belle kept provokingly close to my heels, and knocking against me and making me angry with her. On turning round for the third or fourth time to send her off, I thought I saw something odd about her head, and found that she had a partridge in her mouth. She had stayed behind and picked it up, when I with mere human faculties had found nothing. And so ended the day's sport, which is a good type of a day's sport in Britanny. True there was not much game; namely, a brace of hares, three brace of birds, a couple of cocks, and a couple of snipes; but there was a pleasant variety, got with some trouble (without which nothing is valuable), in a pretty country, and with no hard-featured individual in fustian crying out, "Yo munna come o' this side, as measter presarves."

Very agreeable excursions may be made to country places, where the game is less disturbed; but it is necessary to secure a good guide; and, moreover, one who will *faithfully* tell the best haunts. Without this there will be much work, and small sport. Of course the accommodation is bad, but that is not much to the sportsman; though I have often wondered that the village auberges are as bad as they are, the most miserable beer-shops in England being

superior to most of them. Bad eau-de-vie and black bread, and most of all bad beds. For the sportsman can live hard if he can only sleep well: but a man must have uncommon sleeping powers who can sleep well in a Breton auberge; he must be a hybernating hedgehog, or the Fat Boy in Pickwick. For even if by chance you have a decent bed, the bugs and fleas are in such legions as nothing but the hide of an armadillo can resist. One night I never shall forget. I went to bed at nine, tasting sleep beforehand by a pleasing drowsiness, which was soon to be converted into a perfect slumber. I was speedily in bed, *and almost as speedily out* again, so warm was the reception. From every wrinkle in the coverlid, and every straw in the mattress, poured a stream of animals famished and bloodthirsty, to take possession of the land of promise. In vain I slaughtered hosts, immediately they were replaced by others of equal or greater appetite; and I was devoured by inches. For two hours, by Shrewsbury clock, did the battle rage, and on its slackening I began to doze. But it was only a device of the enemy, and again the attack was renewed. From the ceiling they dropped upon me; from the floor they escaladed me; and all I could do was to fight hard to the last, and wish for the day, which slowly broke; and the face of the rising sun was not more rosy than my own.

Hare hunting, or the *chasse au courant*, is a very slow affair, quite different from the English mode. Greyhounds are forbidden by law throughout all France; and the dog used is a sort of large beagle. These are taken to likely spots, such as cross-roads, gateways, &c., and on taking

up a scent go away at a slow pace. The object of the dogs being not to catch the hare, but to drive her up to the sportsman and his gun, the latter posts himself in some favourable place, lights his pipe, and waits patiently. And verily he needs patience, for even Job would have lashed out, had he waited for half a day at a cross-road, and the wind in the east. The dogs may be miles off slowly pushing the hare before them, but at last their baying comes near. The sportsman looks alive, and shakes out his pipe, but the noise recedes; again it approaches, again he looks about him, and again is disappointed, and so on, sometimes, for a whole day, for you must just wait for your dogs. They are the real masters of the sport; without them you can do nothing; and they come and go as they please. There is no excitement, and little room for skill. If puss does pass near you, she does so lumping and squatting, and gives you next thing to a sitting shot. In truth, it is but puling sport. It may do well enough for an invalid in a sedan chair, or an elderly female; but as good sport may be had with tame poultry in a farmyard, or rabbits in a hutch.

In the way of hunting or riding to hounds there is nothing in Britanny. Riding is generally at a discount in France, and in Britanny the women are the best riders. They ride astride, and apparently with ease; but I must say it always went against the grain to see strings of women jogging in from the country, all riding like men, and displaying beauties which Heaven knows *suffered dreadfully* from exposure. The Breton leg, male or female, is a deformity. The men have no calf, while the women have two, the lower one being about the ankle; and this gives an

unpleasant uniformity to that part of the human figure. There is a custom in Britanny equally repulsive, namely spitting. All spit: men, women, and children, from the cradle. The priest spits at the altar, the tradesman spits at his counter, the gentleman spits in his drawing-room. They seem to substitute spitting for perspiration, and if a stray idea of Englishmen disliking it comes into their heads, it only modifies it, for keep it in they cannot. In that case gentlemen spit into the fire or their handkerchiefs, and others into their hats. One day, a neighbour called upon me: in the room was a carpet, and this puzzled him sorely, for in Britanny a carpet is *quelque chose de bon*, and he did not like to spit upon it; yet not to spit,—he would burst or blow up to a certainty. But he was a man of resource, and soon struck out an idea, for whipping off his hat he *spat heartily into it*, and in a moment glued it firmly on his head again. No Englishman would have ever thought of this!

I wish I could speak well of Breton hospitality, but I cannot. It is said that hospitality is strongest in the savage state, and it is pleasant to read of the patriarchs sitting in the doors of their tents, espying the stranger from afar, and making ready the feast beforehand for him; but however savage Britanny may be, she lacks the redeeming virtue. Perhaps, however, the native virtue *may* have existed, and been corrupted by French habits, as many of the causes which impair its exercise are of French origin. For let the truth be spoken. With all their so called politeness and warmth, the French are regular money grubs, and in no country is the worship of the golden

image so assiduous and so general. To an Englishman accustomed to the usual expenditure of the middle class, the minute parsimony practised by all is despicable. Doubtless there is less wealth in France than England, for the many revolutions which have swept over the country have devoured its resources, and the constant division of property at death prevents accumulation; but when parsimony is used on 364 days of the year, for the sake of giving an over-grown ball, or other self-glorifying and disproportionate exhibition on the 365th, it is evident that something else than prudence dictates it. The *people* are poor in comparison with the English. Indeed, how can it be otherwise? The means of getting money can only exist in a limited degree, where agriculture is backward and commerce trifling, and as to exports, compared with the population, they are very small. I have often amused myself in tracing the source of many of their habits which differ from ours: and most are to be referred to economy as the basis, and infringe sadly on hospitality. For instance, the Frenchman seldom occupies a house; he lives under a roof it is true, but only occupies a story or étage, or a part of one; one, two, or three rooms, according to his family, and this whether rich or poor. No spare room for a friend, for what would be the use of paying so many francs a-year for a thing to be used only now and then. Besides, are there not cafés and hotels? This is the first check to the virtue. Then he seldom eats a meal at home unless it be his breakfast. He dines at a table d'hôte, or *en pension*, and takes his coffee at a café, and *voilà* check the second; for, instead of receiving a

friend warmly at home, and the dinner, &c. coming out of the *house purse*, an invisible thing of legerdemain, whose existence is never felt until it is finished—your dinner costs you four or five hard francs, cash down "on the nail," is more a feed than a feast, and being in a public room with waiters and strangers about, lacks the friendly warmth and comfort of a home dinner, and a fireside chat over the wine afterwards.

A young friend of mine had a letter of introduction to a merchant at Havre. He called and was received with much kindness. "You will dine with me to-day?" "I shall be happy," said the other, and at five o'clock he repaired to his friend's house. The merchant was glad to see him, and they talked a little, when "*Allons*," said the host and led the way—not to the dining-room—*but out of the house* to a neighbouring restaurant, where dinner being ordered for two, they sat down amid a crowd of people. The youth thought it a very disagreeable exchange for the English custom. Hence to see a friend at home interferes dreadfully with domestic habits, for he can hardly come at the *right* time, instead of with us at the *wrong*. In the morning, all is dust and clearing up, Madame with hair *en papillottes*, Monsieur in *déshabille* assisting in the work. At midday, Madame promenades in full figure to show herself, and Monsieur goes to the papers or to billiards: afterwards, Madame returns to undress, and Monsieur goes out to dine at his café, and, 'twixt all, the friend falls to the ground. Doubtless, living in *étages* has pecuniary advantages, but it is decidedly opposed to hospitality, and lacks many of

the *agrémens* of life;—no garden, no animals, no space for children to play and get out of the way in. It is the very essence of town life where the street is the substitute for the garden. But *it is* cheap. No need of a servant, for you can have your *femme de ménage*, who comes for an hour in the morning and puts things to rights, and this for a trifle compared with a servant in the house. Then if you wish to go on a tour; no expenses in your rear, servants eating holes into everything, or heavily consuming you by board wages; none of these things; you pack up your trunks as the Bedouin strikes his tent; get a man to carry them; lock up first your cupboards and then the outside door; pocket the key; stick up a card with "not to return till the 10th," and exit, with the independence of the snail with his all upon his back. Convenient but selfish—the English life in chambers *without its warmth* and jollity. When young people marry they seldom set up a separate establishment: they have a couple of cells contrived for them in the paternal hive, where they learn domestic arts on a small scale, and, having nothing to do at home, learn to live and look for pleasure abroad. But the desire for cheapness marks everything. Two meals a day only; no bonnets; wooden shoes; no refreshments to chance friends; miserably shabby subscriptions; all are questions of *argent*. It is true that in many points France is a cheaper country than England, but not to the extent commonly supposed; and 100*l.* in England will go nearly as far as the same sum here. It is a great error to imagine France a lightly taxed country. In reality the taxation is quite as heavy as in England, and, considering

the much smaller ability to bear taxes, it is proportionably heavier. Besides *their* burdens are increasing, whilst *ours* are diminishing. For the present year the total revenue levied by taxation in France is upwards of sixty millions sterling, and in addition there are the octroi duties of some ten millions more, besides local taxes, and this is divided among a population of some thirty-six millions. This gives a greater amount *per head* than in Great Britain, besides which there are not those exemptions of the lower classes which mark our system, so that taxation presses enormously upon the mass of the people. Lord Brougham and Mr. Porter have already given their sanction to this proposition, that France is at least as heavily taxed as England; and I believe it to be perfectly sound.

The system of trade in France is good and failures few. Every year the books of each tradesman are inspected by certain authorities, and if he is doing business at a loss he is stopped. This inquisition beats our income-tax hollow; but is as quietly submitted to as every other act of authority; for the French have been ruled so long that they cannot do without it. But there is no faith, no speculation, which after all is the soul of commerce. All must be certain; every stage of the road must be known before the merchant ventures his *sous* upon it, and with all this peddling the market is seized by some more enterprising person. An excellent instance recently occurred not far off. The project had long been entertained of establishing a steam communication betwixt Britanny and England. It was laid before a French company, and long were the debates upon it from time to time, without

any decision being arrived at. It would not pay; markets would fall; expenses were constant, and would be heavy; these and similar views were put, and answered, and re-put and reanswered, and so the matter remained suspended. Meanwhile, a proposal was made to an English company. Within a week an answer was received; in another week appeared the steamboat herself, her own advertiser; merchandise flowed in from all quarters; and the boat took full cargoes each voyage; and they are now going to place a second boat on the station! I once visited a mercantile friend to inquire whether a ship he had freighted to England with corn, had arrived. I found him grave, and said, "Well! is your ship returned?" "Yes, she *is* returned." "And has made a good voyage?" I replied. "A very bad one indeed; she has made *une perte enorme*," and he sighed heavily. I regretted this much, but on inquiry found that the "*perte enorme*" consisted in having lost about *eight pounds* by the voyage! Dreadful affair, eight pounds to a speculative man. What would Liverpool say to that? But there is no generosity among the French. They are called brave, clever, and polite, but I never heard them called large-minded or generous. In the five years which I have spent in the country, we have given about five parties, for each one we have been invited to. Still our friends profess great friendship for us, always come when we ask them, talk much of pleasures to come in the return visits we are to pay, and as pleasures to come they remain. In England, we should call this mean; here, it is general. No seeking out strangers to do the honours of the country to them, no reciprocity even, but enjoying all cheaply and no

return. True it is that the custom of French society requires the stranger to introduce himself to its notice, but that is but a poor reply to the charge of inhospitality. It only makes bad worse, and shows that what we object to in an individual is the general practice, for what is custom but the general practice of individuals? This brings home to the nation what before only applied to a member of it, and justifies the appellation of inhospitable as applied to France.

A friend called on me the other day to ask me to accompany him into the mountains for some shooting, where we were to stay with a tenant of his father's, and be comfortably treated, "*parfaitement logés.*" We were to have meat and drink without stint, excellent beds, — to be as well off as at home; and this for the evenings and nights, coupled with a "masse" of game during the days, made out a bill of fare not to be despised. In truth, the country was full of "gibier" of all kinds, from the snipe to the red-leg. I therefore accepted the invitation with pleasure, got ready a double provision of shot, powder, and caps, all my cleaning and repairing tools, everything in fine necessary for a long campaign. Two days before we were to set out my friend called again to talk over matters, but symptoms *of thaw* were perceptible; *i. e.* it was hinted that *perhaps* our keep might not be first-rate, and therefore it might *be as well* to take some little trifle of provision, merely to complete the dinners, it is true, as the "pieces de resistance" would, doubtless, be found at the farm, — but just a little something; a bottle or two of good wine also would not be amiss, — some brandy also; in other words,

it would be wise to provide ourselves *with meat and drink.* The beds, too, of which so much had been spoken as so "tout ce qu'il faut," began to fade away in a strange manner. My friend "intended to sleep in his clothes; he always did so in the country; he preferred it. Perhaps I would do the same; it was much better; no fear of domestic animals." The nice white sheets, the soft feather bed on which he had before dilated, were all mere dissolving views, *of the French invention.* But what mattered it to a sportsman, as he gaily said, — it was a mere lark; in fact, rather a pleasure, and enhanced the pleasures of home. In fact, it was evident that the first account was all pure flourish, and he was now smoothing off the road to avoid landing me too suddenly in the desert below.

My friend brought his cabriolet to the door at the time appointed; for, be it said by the way, that he was a punctual man, and this for a Frenchman says much; and here let me say a word on French private carriages. In Paris, I am aware, the carriages are elegant and superb, and I am aware also that France stood high at the Great Exhibition in carriage building, but not one do you see in the rural part of France. No one can form an idea of the wretched hen-roosts on wheels, unpainted, uncleaned, creaking and jolting, which frequently meet the eye. An English farmer of the olden time, who occasionally rolls into his market town in his grandfather's so-called sociable, or some such name, possesses a superior turn-out to many a French nobleman. This is all the more remarkable, inasmuch as paint is so cheap, and the only explanation is to

be found in that aversion to cleaning which is part of the French character. However, my friend arrived at the hour named, with the old cabriolet, and the old mare named, I suppose ironically, "Frantic," by whose exertions, stimulated by many cries and much whipping, we managed nearly to equal the fast walk of an ordinary man. An incident occurred on the road which amused us. My black setter was trotting as usual by the side of the voiture, and I had ceased looking at him for a moment, when he suddenly appeared with a fine fowl in his mouth, jogging on as if nothing had happened. How, when, or where the capture was performed we knew not; but there was the fowl, and as he appeared anxious to be relieved of it, I got out and took it from him, and a very excellent one it was as we discovered some days after. In due time, *i. e.* about five hours, we arrived at the farm; by that time all had subsided into sober realities, the beds had vanished *totally*, good meat and drink had disappeared also; two things were alone evident, first, that my friend had never been there before, though he had previously talked most glibly about it; and, secondly, that everything was as rude as might be expected in a small mountain farm in Britanny. And so it was. A miserable house or cottage in a low hole, surrounded by manure, was the much vaunted farm. One room formed the whole house, and in this room were we and all in the house, amounting to twelve persons, to work, eat, live, and sleep. But what matters it, so long as you are happy! We had reached the bottom, and it was hard but sound; better have a poor house than none; the good people were all willing to do their best for us, and

began to bustle about and run over each other with great activity, and therefore what mattered it? only that if my friend had told the truth about it at once, I should not have died by inches as I had done. The things put aside, we turned out for a few hours shooting, but the game was a dream too. All day we fagged up hill and down dale, but save one poor hare that one of the dogs caught in her form, nought had we in our bags, and had only seen one covey of birds. My friend was furious, and I sulky, and we returned in a bad mood, my temper not sweetened by the prospect of an evening in a room full of smoke, with people whose language (the Breton) I was almost ignorant of. But all things have an end save a dumpling; and having fed our dogs, changed our clothes, fed well ourselves, and lighted our pipes, we began to *expand* until the chimney corner became too small for us. By that time it was night, and the labourers and people had all entered, and stood and lay down staring at us, as if we were opossums, when on a sudden a bright thought, and one truly French, entered into the fertile brain of my friend, — a game at cards! "A pack! a pack! my kingdom for a pack!" and there being none, a rustic youth was forthwith dispatched to the little village, about a mile off, to purchase a pack, with strict injunctions to tarry not, as he valued his head and a *goutte* of brandy on his return. In a marvellously short time he reappeared, his face in a blaze, as he had run all the way against a cold wind, and what a shout welcomed him! Out with the table; light another rushlight; sweep off the crumbs and liquids; let those sit upon seats who can get them, and

let those stand who cannot, hurrah for the game! and leave the Bretons alone for playing cards. Like all Frenchmen they can play from the cradle, and can *finesse*, drop a card, look into another's hand, and dispute the reckoning with any one. In due time I began to think of going to bed, but where? I was shown a cupboard in the wall close to the fire, and there was a bed of chaff nice enough, and a clean stuffed cushion of the same, instead of a coverlid; but neither sheets nor blankets had yet arrived in that region. But I was sleepy and not particular. Still I did *wish* to undress, but how or where? To undress in this sleeping box was a physical impossibility, and to do it among all the present company, I was too modest for that. But do it I must. Oh! I thought, they will take the hint and turn away, and so I began. Take the hint, they did undoubtedly, but it was *to do the same thing*, and there opposite to me was the old lady of the house talking to me all the while, and divesting herself first of one thing and then of another, with interludes of scratching and rubbing, all done with perfect ease and, if you like, good breeding, but which was too much for me. I stood my ground well until she had got down to her chemise, and was beginning to move uneasily in *that*, shaking herself loosely in it, and then I could bear it no longer, but bolted into my box, knocking my head nearly off against the lid of it, drew off the slight remnant of my clothes more by my feet than my hands, balanced the chaff cushion evenly upon my body, yawned heavily, heard confused voices growing fainter and fainter, thought some one spoke through the hole in the lid, fell asleep, and

never woke until morning. Then I grew more used to it, dressing and talking familiarly the while, and got on famously; but still, both in a moral and comfortable point of view, I cannot say the Breton bed is to my mind. The second day we did better, finding a fair quantity of game, though it was very wild, and the third day returned home, I more steeled than ever against a too confiding credulity in French narrative. How would our English farmers stare at their Breton brethren, who do not live so well as many labourers. The worthy people whom we visited gave us all they had, and without grudging; but, in truth, they had nothing to give, save black bread, bacon, and very fiery alcohol, enough to burn its way to the surface; this, with cabbage leaf soup, was grand doings for them. The young landlord that was to be knew nothing of them or of the farm, never made a remark about the cultivation of this field or the state of the other, and did not know even the acreage of it. How can we expect attention and good tenants, where we have such careless, inattentive landlords? The farm itself was good land, and, with a little outlay of capital, might have been greatly improved; as it was, surface water was starving everything, neither removed by drainage, nor conducted where it was wanted by irrigation.

The other day I had a lively discussion with a Frenchman as to the chances of war between England and France. He assumed the usual French tone, that the point would be settled in a month, and England captured—as he said, the Channel is "but a long bridge." "Ah! but," said I,

"so long that you, with Buonaparte at your head, could never cross it." His reply was that modern warfare was a different thing; that steam had made matters more certain and more capable of calculation; and much more to the same purport. This is in principle all true; but my worthy friend forgot the immense power of steam which England possesses. In 1847, by a return made to government, it appeared that there were 1700 steamers afloat, all able to carry from two to ten and upwards of *heavy* guns, and built under the Admiralty regulations; and, since 1847, probably 400 to 500 have been added to the number. Think of that for a moment, there is consolation in the thought; one steam-ship per mile all round England, and four to a mile for the parts of the Channel between England and France; a beautiful lively chain of defence for Monsieur Crapaud to look at with the smoke blown into his eyes by a westerly wind. Think of the Oriental Company, the West India Company, and the American Companies, with their splendid ships of from 2000 to 3000 tons burden, capable in a week to become the most powerful steam-ships in existence. These are not counted among the steam navy of England, but there they all are. There is the Himalaya, the great iron monster belonging to the Oriental Company, 3500 tons burden. Why, as I heard a sea captain say, with her steel cut-water made *expressly for the job*, he would engage to run her stem on upon a first-rate man-of-war, and to cut her down to the water's edge. No cannonading, no time lost in smoke, but, like the Roman galleys of old, run her straight down upon her adversary

and dash her to pieces. And what ship now built could resist that steel prow backed by the impetus of 3500 tons moving at twenty miles an hour? Or what ship could resist the huge guns which the great monster is to be fitted to carry with their 160 pound balls? Ah! we may well avoid another war if possible, for it will be one in comparison of which all the slaughter of past times will be as nothing. Instead of France boasting, she may tremble. We should be able to blockade every French port within three days from the declaration of war, and not a ship would get out unless they could force the passage, and when would that be done? France has a fine fleet of sailing vessels, but what would her fine three and four deckers do against a steamer with heavy guns, choosing her position and changing it at pleasure, and pitching into her with her few large-mouthed dogs and not receiving a shot in return? And as to French steamers, they are not to be named in the same breath with English ones; the machines are English, and the engineers and stokers English also in many cases, for the French cannot manage machinery any more than they can navigation. We may be sure that in a very short time after the declaration of war, many a French ship of war would change owners, and add to the fleet which, under British colours, rides proudly at Spithead. No! if there be place for boasting, it is for England to boast; but let there be none of it; the thing *is too serious*, and not to be settled by boasting. Instead of boasting let us keep our eyes open. Dover is now an hour and a half only from Boulogne. Portsmouth is but eight hours from Cherbourg, as was shown somewhat unplea-

santly by the fine French steam frigate the Gomer, one fine morning astonishing the inhabitants of Portsmouth with her salute, having only left Cherbourg the evening before. The tendency of everything is to bridge over the Channel, and if that bridge is made we are in danger. Every schoolboy knows that one Englishman can thrash *two* Frenchmen; but if the French ever succeed in paying us a visit, every Englishman must be prepared to thrash *five*, and these are long odds. The French army is immense and formidable,—400,000 men; a large family party for John Bull to receive and "do for." What could we do with our 30,000 or 40,000 men, allowing each to be the bravest of the brave? Numbers *will* tell and *must* tell, and they would tell a fearful tale against England. The only plan is to decline the visit, — "much engaged with home affairs, cannot see them to-day."

Who put Louis Napoleon in his seat, but the army? and think you that a Buonaparte and a splendid army will do nothing but march up the hill and down again like the king of France in the olden time? Oh! the abjectness of the political men of France. Three weeks before Napoleon made the *coup d'état* five-sixths of the people were against him, but now, because he has made it and *succeeded*, halt, right about wheel, and seven millions and a half out of ten millions vote in his favour. The journals hail him as the state necessity, the heaven-sent man, — flatter him by alluding constantly to his uncle, and suggesting his resemblance to him, invoke religion to sanctify his acts, and all this because he has had the boldness to violate his solemn oath and the laws of his country, *and has succeeded.*

No treason, oh, no! nothing of the kind, nothing so vulgar; it is "an immense act," "a glorious deed," "a fact to be blazoned in history." The other day the "Patrie," a devoted slave to the government of the day whatever its colour, and who would have written equally well against Louis Napoleon had he been sent to Vincennes, said, "France has spoken; and its voice, which is also the voice of God, has granted the supreme power to the nephew of the Emperor. The vote of the people in 1851 has retied the chain of time broken in 1815 by the sword of the stranger. People feel that it is a new era. Cæsar sleeps gloriously in the peace of the tomb under the dome of the Invalids, and *Augustus* comes to take the reins of the French government in his hand."

For myself I am no republican, but I am half ready to give way to the melting mood when I think how the poor republic has been abused. When she came into this strange French world, how it did go into fits of *entuzzymusy* about her. Nothing so perfect was ever seen before; old men acted Simeon in the temple; each royalist swore he had been a hypocrite all his life till then, but that thenceforth he should cast his skin and come out in his real nature; priests blessed trees of liberty till they were hoarse; and young men and maidens did nought but dance and sing and kiss round them all the livelong day, "and all went merry as a marriage bell," when, lo! the curtain falls, and in another minute, presto! behold the poor republic prostrate, spit upon, and making a most inglorious exit, leaving strong odours about its path. I have just read an article in the government paper on the constitution, which

says that "liberty of the press and of examination is totally opposed to the principle of authority, and *therefore* inadmissible," and this is France. To be black or white we can understand, but to be black and white together, now one and now another, is like the optical illusion of the spinning card, and confuses us. But, harking back from politics and leaving the Frenchmen to settle this account with posterity, and sincerely hoping that ere long Napoleon will treat them according to their deserts and convince them *à priori* and *à posteriori*, let me merely say that *there he is*, firmly and well seated and supported by the finest army in the world, and I for one am decidedly of opinion that, sooner or later, that army will want to do something more congenial than eating sugar plums and playing with windmills. When that time arrives let John Bull shake himself and open his eyes wide, or he will be suddenly pounced upon in a disagreeable manner. If in the meantime John is wise, he will see that every thing belonging to the fleet is made ship shape, and he will get his father's blunderbuss down, and, if it be past service, buy one of Colt's revolvers; he will also have the old mare trained to stand fire, and habituate himself to being awoke in the middle of the night, so as to avoid apoplexy. If our wooden walls are in good order we may boldly defy them all, but if otherwise, England's glory will be short-lived. In 1840 Thiers proposed to make a dash at Gibraltar and Malta; in 1848 Louis Napoleon talked of a great military undertaking to bind Frenchmen together, which I believe was against England; and why all this smelling and snuffing about if they do not like the morsel and covet and desire

it above all things? I do not know if the excellent Mrs. Ellis still continues her appeals to the women of England under all possible guises and in all possible postures; but I do think that an appeal to the spinsters of England on the consequences of a French invasion, with a living frontispiece representing Miss Bridget in the arms of an unshaven grenadier, with a perspective filled by warring arms, naked legs, and hairy faces, would bring the subject home in a manner quite *a-propos*, and I hope she will excuse my hinting it to her.

There are two modes in this country of showing politeness and attention which, were I to become a Gallic Methusaleh, I could never be reconciled to; the first, is the everlasting hat worship; the second, *male* kissing. Go where you will, and whatever be the weather, whether it be man, woman, or child that is accosted, off goes the hat, and that not submissively, or with the Wellington touch, or even a lift, but *clean off* down to the ground. This may be all very well in moderation, but is a great bore in excess, and I question whether it would not, on the whole, be better in a sanitary, pecuniary, and comfortable point of view, to go bareheaded. The present practice is constantly exposing the head and wearing out the hat brim, to say nothing of the constant attention required. In Germany I heard of a machine which did the work without wearing out the hat, and saved all trouble beyond pulling a string, and it should be introduced in France. And, after all, it is all external, and the man who would never pass a lady without *hatting* her most profoundly, would help himself before her at dinner, push past her for a better place at

table, and stare her impudently out of countenance, as I have often seen.

As to *male kissing*, what can I say to make an Englishman understand it? *John* comprehends the theory and practice of kissing, and thinks himself perfect in it, but he little dreams that beyond the circle in which he disports himself, there is another, and that of kissing *men*. Instead of soft cheeks and ruby lips, he must fancy a rough face and a beard like a horse's tail, and let him try his hand upon *that* for a change. Habit is strong, but beards are stronger, and with John would carry the day. In the streets you see two hirsute beings rush into each other's arms, and kiss and hug like a husband and wife after a month's absence: to look at them, you would call it a meeting of blacking brushes. You go downstairs on your birth-day, or on New Year's Day, or any other great fête; but keep a sharp look out, or you are ravished in a moment by the cook or the groom. Only the other day, my man rushed upon me like a tiger, and I had difficulty in keeping him off: all he wanted was a kiss on my birthday, sweet creature! My cook, an old woman of sixty-five, waylaid me for a whole morning to the terror of my life, and never gave up the design until told by my wife that I was positively untouchable. Let Englishmen look out therefore, for if the French invade us, *they* will also be ravished to a certainty, "every man jack of them." Curious, too, that while men embrace men they do not *kiss* women, but merely put their heads over their shoulders, first on one side and then on the other, like Punch and Judy, or an embrace in the theatre. Sad want of taste

this! a bad exchange, as the man said, when he got a gilt farthing instead of a sovereign. Once I was completely caught. I had accompanied a French friend, *an officer in the navy*, to the English steamer, in which he was embarking, and in wishing him good bye, he quietly drew me towards him, and, before I could even think, his head and whiskers were along side of mine, and he hard at work. I was attempting to disengage myself, and hoping that no one had seen the encounter, when, to my unspeakable annoyance, the captain of the steamer, a thorough tar, stood before me with "halloo! what the deuce are you at there?" and roaring with laughter, and, I dare say, he tells the story with glee to this day.

But to the *chasse* again. An unpleasant addition has recently been made to the difficulties always attending the grant of the *permis de chasse* in the necessity of a previous "*permis de séjour*." The French government has long been anxious to get the foreigners resident in France under more direct control, and owing to the Hungarian refugees at Paris having made a disturbance, they issued a decree, declaring that from thenceforth all strangers should be provided with a *permis de séjour*, under pain of expulsion. There is not much difficulty in obtaining this, but there is much delay, and now therefore the applicant for a *permis de chasse* must be armed with his *permis de séjour*, or he will not be looked at. He must therefore count upon a delay of at least three weeks, and this for those Englishmen who only come for a month's shooting is a great bore.

But the idea of Englishmen coming for sport to Britanny is absurd, as doubtless many have found out, when, after

toiling for a week, they have walked home with their three or four brace of birds. Of course, to the residents, the addition of sporting is a great boon; even if it be poor, it helps them to pass the time, and keeps up their health; but for a sportsman to go on purpose for the sport, would be ridiculous. It is amusing to watch the progress from hope to disappointment, and from that to abuse in the new comers. At first they survey the country, and, judging by English rules, they feel they are all right. Fine tracts of wood, a fair amount of stubble, patches of turnips, large fields of mixed gorse and fern, marshes for snipes, coppices for cocks; oh! they have not done amiss in coming to Britanny. Perhaps their thin-skinned, high-bred pointers may not like the gorse at first, but blood *will* tell, and they will soon get used to it. Perhaps also their tackle and toggery may be rather light for the country, but it is but getting other. So they turn out. First to the stubbles, and a fine range of them too; plenty of birds in them, not a doubt of it. No. 1. a failure, ditto No. 2., and so on with the rest; very curious, some one must have been over the ground before them, or the birds must have been disturbed. But the guide motions with his hand, and they steal on; what has he got; set a hare probably. They reach him, and he shows them with great glee *a feather!* they cannot say there is no game in the country. The stubbles yield nothing, and they will try the gorse or *landes;* very good; rare stuff in the middle of the day; and away they go, to walk into, as they imagine, a low cut English gorse. They arrive at a dark mass of green as solid as a wall, and five

feet high, and not open at the bottom. "That's the place," says the guide, "send the dogs in." But the dogs wont go in. Ponto looks at it and declines the honour; Albert goes in and speedily comes out again; the bitch gets caught halfway and cries piteously; it is no go. "Then I'll go in myself," says our plucky friend, and in he dashes; but pluck, though equal to Cribb's, is of no use against pricks; he struggles, shoves, and tumbles on, swearing awfully, until getting irretrievably mixed up with a compound of briar, gorse, and thorn, *tria juncta in uno*, he falls headlong, having achieved some ten yards with a piece of twenty acres stretching away before him. Evidently *no go* for him too. Confound the country; this gorse will never do, will keep the game for everlasting, and nothing but a pack of rhinoceroses can beat it; let us try the general country. So on he goes, nothing despairing; beats places which in England would fill his bag, without finding a feather; makes prophecies without number, which all turn out false; gets abused by the peasants, whom he thinks the most outlandish savages he has ever seen; is scandalized by a farmhouse, where he goes, hoping for a glass of ale freely given, but getting instead a glass of milk, and returns to his inn with one partridge, his clothes well torn, and in a very bad humour, not improved by his host saying "*bonne chasse*" when he exhibits his "*perdrix*," showing plainly that it is rather a rarity.

I had often heard of a place called St. Sil, in the mountains, as very famous for game, and had purposed going there, but the distance (some thirty miles) prevented me. Meeting, however, with a friend who had a carriage, and

who wished to go out with me, we agreed to join forces and be off. My friend was in raptures at the name of St. Sil. The "bare imagination of the feast" we were to have there, excited him to the utmost, and he seemed to devour the days which intervened. This time there was to be no mistake, for, in point of fact, the game literally swarmed there; an excellent inn too; a first-rate man to show the country; all was propitious, and the only difficulty was to distribute our game. I portioned off my friends handsomely however, and thought to give the rest in charity or something of the sort, and the offering made, I felt easy at the idea of the certain slaughter we were to inflict. Powder and shot were laid in in treble quantity; a spare gun taken; a large train of dogs; various empty cases for the game, and thus prepared we started at three o'clock in the dark of an October morning, hoping to have a good day's shooting after our arrival. But I calculated without estimating the powers of my friend's animal. The pace of about three and a-half miles an hour, including stoppages, made the carriage a burdensome house, most hard to bear, and not until noon did we reach St. Sil, the only incident on the road being a secret dash and capture of a fowl by one of my dogs, which I consigned to my bag with a feeling of shame as an accomplice after the fact of the robbery. As matters turned out, this was after all a fortunate occurrence, and proved once more the necessity, in this miserable country, to take thankfully and without scrutiny all that the gods provide, knowing not what may follow after.

So in due time we reached St. Sil. The good hotel

dwindled into a wretched auberge, where one poor room, for bed-room and dining-room for two, was all that could be got, and where it was plain that dinner, &c. were fabulous—mere dreams. But happily the mind soon falls from its airy heights to the level of the actual, and therefore we set about trying to make the best arrangement we could under the circumstances. In this your Frenchmen excels, to give the devil his due; for he has a cat-like propensity to find his feet from whatever place he be thrown. So my friend, after *sacreing* heavily for a minute or two to comfort himself, began to sing and whistle; whisking here, and chucking the landlady's daughter there, saying "Monsieur" to a brat of a son, and "Madame," with reverence, to the old frump of a hostess, in a way which really oiled the wheels and made me regard him with something akin to envy and admiration. Under this soothing and warming influence things began to mend; and the process, if it did no great good to the *physique*, benefited the *morale*, and improved our own tempers at least.

We then asked for a guide who could show us the country, and after much debate a man was recommended by the people of the inn as the very one for us, and he was accordingly sent for. When he arrived we asked him if he knew the country well, and as he replied readily to all questions and was an active looking fellow, we engaged him at once, and in half an hour were a-field. And certainly it was as splendid a country for game to exist in as I ever saw, and I felt for once we were all right. True that the guide made me feel some misgivings when he recommended us to beat stubbles, it being two o'clock and a hot sun, and

when he cried "mark" to a pigeon! but the country made me forget all, and we jogged on. For an hour all was hope; then we got warm, and after came surprise, and then disappointment. Then it turned out that the celebrated guide had never been across the country before, though he knew it well *in a sort*, from being a hirer and driver of carriages, but, Frenchman like, he had at once said he could do everything, leaving his ignorance to be discovered afterwards. He, in fact, scarce knew a partridge from a plover, and was as much unacquainted with their habits as a tailor could be of horsemanship. All this chimed badly with bad luck. After three hours walking we found a covey and killed a brace, and with this returned home to our inn downcast and sullen, feeling certain that we were doomed to do nothing. We got a decent sort of dinner and some passable claret, and then told the hostess' son that the guide was a complete muff, and that we must have another. He said he was sure the one we had had was good for nothing (he had forgotten having recommended us to take him), but could get us the very man for our *affaire*—an old poacher; given to drink, but who, if kept well in hand, could tell us the country perfectly. In a short time he arrived and made his bow. "Can you show us any game here?" I asked. "Plenty," said he. "But *what do you mean* by plenty, how many coveys of birds in a day can you show us?" With a perfect *aplomb* air he answered, "Fifty with luck." "Well," said I, "show us twenty, and I'll give you double fees," and with renewed hopes we wished him good night, and arranged for the morning.

The morning came grey and sharp, as is the wont of October; a touch of frost too, which left a heavy dew on the grass ere it disappeared under the sunbeams, and by six o'clock we were afoot as we had some distance to walk ere beginning our work. The guide was an old sportsman, that was certain; and if he acted up to his words would show us plenty of game. At last we reached the place we were to turn out in, a large tract of fern and heath of from fifty to one hundred acres, with a few patches of stubble sprinkled here and there. "That's the spot," said the guide; "if you find no game there, I'll eat you and myself too." Away went the dogs, ranging wide and wild, but soon a draw; a point; then a draw on, and point again. Before we got within a hundred yards a covey rose, flying high over the hill and disappeared beyond it. In five minutes after I killed a hare, and then another covey rose wild also. In fact, the deuce was in the birds. We found plenty, but lie they would not, and they flew as only French birds can fly. For it is not as in England, where your covey often drops in the same ten-acre piece, or over the hedge. In France, the birds throw themselves into the air like carrier-pigeons, and having taken their direction, stick to it for a mile or two. Our guide was true to his promise, to show us plenty of game, but that was all; and, after as hard a day as I ever walked, we only bagged between us three brace of birds and a brace of hares. So ended the campaign, to which we had so long looked forward. My friend was downright savage (he had shot awfully ill); he had promised game all round his circle, had worked for it like a negro, and to get only a paltry brace;

French politeness was no where that evening, and I left him to stroll by myself with a cigar through the village. There I met the guide, who told me if I would come with him in the morning he would show me a very good country for a few hours' work, to which I agreed, and returned to my companion to tell him; but, sacré! no more of it! —he had had enough of such a vile country—the guide was a canaille, a polisson, and, in fact, nothing was to be done with him beyond agreeing to postpone our return until twelve o'clock next day. We then went to bed; and as we were in the same chamber, my friend had room to make observations on my clothes, &c.; and some of his remarks were curious, as exhibiting the state *of his own* wardrobe. One in particular struck me. He asked me what my night-shirt was; and on my telling him that it was to pass the night in, replied naively, "Ah! c'est très commode cela sans doute, mais je n'ai jamais porté une," which was almost needless to say, as he turned in with all his rigging, or nearly so, upon him. Curious fellows are Frenchmen; habits not English cut certainly. For instance, my friend was almost annoyed at my refusing to breakfast in the room we had slept in, a little hole of twelve feet square filled with bedclothes, dust, and foul air and water. He would have breakfasted on the washstand with a good appetite, and used the towel for a serviette.

With the early morning I turned out, but not so my ally, who obstinately refused to stir; not he—one bad day was enough for him; no more work for nothing, and so on, and I therefore left him to it. Henri the guide soon came in, and we started. In crossing a field I marked

a covey on the wing, and saw them fall in a heap of gorse; on arriving at which the dogs stood, and, on nearing them, the covey rose and gave me a double shot, when I dropped two birds. Good omen; this looked like business. "Mark, Henri!" and Henri did mark, and showed me where, in a little belt of wood high up the hill. Thither we followed, and on another double shot I got one more bird. After this I went on with tolerable luck, bagging in four hours five brace and three hares, and this with bad shooting, as from some cause I shot very ill that morning. I remember one curious incident. The dogs, three in number, all stood on the outside of a strip of fern, their noses dead into it, and on approaching, a hare started up and ran down hill in the middle of them. I had taken my level, and at the moment of pulling, a dog crossed the line of sight, but I could not stop—my finger was on the trigger, and bang! down rolled the hare, and the dog was untouched, though I can declare that the dog totally obstructed the view of the hare to me. Old Shot seemed as much surprised as I was, and shook himself and trotted up to me with a look that seemed to say, "rather too close shaving that, master; hold your hand a little next time."

With this bag I returned to the inn, and found my friend, who was green with jealousy at seeing it; for he had, in *his* way, also been sporting, and had succeeded, too, in bagging several brace of game, having brought them down by *silver* shot instead of *leaden;* and, as this was a loss of cash as well as honour, his rage was great at finding that, had he accompanied me, he might have saved it all. But it was too late, and therefore, having paid the score,

we jogged heavily home, and so, as my friend observed, ended the chasse at "that accursed St. Sil, where, after hoping to kill twenty brace of birds, he returned with five brace, and those all purchased with hard cash, except two birds — he, a chasseur, buying his game like an old woman."

In thus buying his game, my friend was more generous than many of his countrymen; for, as a general rule, the French are *pot* sportsmen, and they carry their maxims of economy to the field with them. If they miss their aim, it is not only the loss of their sporting character that they deplore, but also the loss of the game in general, and of *two sous*, which they estimate as the price of the *powder and shot* wasted. In England we are not accustomed to regard the subject from this point of view, and, probably, have never calculated the combined expense of powder, shot, cap, and wadding; we are annoyed at the stain on our escutcheon as a good shot, and that is all. A Frenchman kills a hare — "Bon — well done! c'est un bon lièvre — cela vaut bien 25 sous." A partridge falls — "Bon encore! il vaut 12 sous." But, if a woodcock, "Ah, c'est très bon! La bécasse est très chère dans ce moment — elle vaudra bien 30 sous au moins." The other day, in returning from shooting, I met two young soldiers, and we walked and talked together. I showed them two woodcocks I had killed, and they turned them over and over, until at last one said, "It must pay well to *chasser* in this country, I should think; those woodcocks, if at Paris, would be worth seven or eight francs."

But, in fact, with many chasseurs, it is a regular trade.

Many poor men take out a license for the sole object of making money as they would by any other trade; and from that has arisen the general habit of selling game, which few French *gentlemen* are above doing. I knew one person who supplies a great game dealer at Paris, and I was told that he receives from him as much as from 800 to 1000 francs per annum, which is a pretty income for a French bachelor. A man in a good country may easily kill 150 or 200 cocks in a season if he works hard; and, at three francs each, he has, say 600 francs; and add other game, and you may, without difficulty, make up 1000 francs a year.

But the consequence of this is a mean style of sporting. No matter *how* they get the game, provided only that they do get it. Partridges sitting — hares in traps and gins — all methods which we should scout as poaching and unfair are resorted to in France in the ordinary course of things.

Last year, a friend came to propose to me a new method of attacking the partridges. He asked me to fix to accompany him to some outlying property, as late on in February as was possible. "I will promise you first-rate sport; the birds are in plenty there, and we will take only one steady dog, and shall have bags full." "How so?" said I, forgetting myself for the moment. "Oh!" he replied, "you know the *coupling* begins in the middle of February if the weather be open; and I assure you the birds lie as well, and give better sport than in September." What barbarism was it not? and folly too; for how can partridges be kept up if such modes be allowed? For my part, nothing astonished me more than to see the quantity of

game brought in from the country every market-day. From 50 to 100 hares, same quantity of partridges or more, all displayed in open market, and perhaps double the quantity sold in private; it is wonderful how the game is sustained. It is evident there must be a good stock; but it is the difficult nature of the country, the large woods and impassable tracts of gorse which preserve it, and these bid defiance to the slender means of the generality of chasseurs.

There has been a great deal of activity of late as to English powder. Whether it be really superior to the French or not, it is much cheaper—only half the price; and therefore it is much sought by the natives, to whom the saving of a *sou* is an inducement to do anything. In a quiet way a good deal has been brought over, in spite of the law, which absolutely forbids it, and the authorities have been poking about, trying to discover the importers. But in fact they are "legion." French gentlemen returning from the "Exhibition," English travellers and sailors, all put a pound of powder in their pockets. Ladies too engage in the trade, and think a successful landing of powder an exploit of note. Not only gentlemen bring it over, but they are the chief consumers, and this has greatly puzzled the authorities, who, like "corbies," do not like to "pick out each other's 'een." For instance the head of the douane would have to attack the head of the "contributions indirectes," who in his turn would not fail to assess him heavily the next time the period for so doing should come round. If he pounced on the maire, adieu to his dinners at the mairie, and ditto as to the sous-préfet; so

that the position was really embarrassing. But what to do to stop the deluge of powder, especially at a time when the general disarmament was taking place. The government was seeking out arms and ammunition everywhere with the nose of a ferret, and this providing *must* be put an end to. The next time the English steamer arrived, all the authorities were mustered in imposing array. Heads of departments, gendarmes in quantity, douaniers, were all there, whispering and looking big. Something was on the tapis, as I remarked to a friend: distinguished refugees wishing again to warm themselves at their natal hearth perhaps, and likely to have too much of it, and be burnt. At length the boat arrived, and had scarcely touched the quay when she was violently boarded by the whole force. *Jack* turned his quid and looked mischievous—glancing towards his captain, as much as to say, "Give the word, Sir, and we'll soon have these 'Crappos' overboard." But the captain was polite and civil to the strangers, and accompanied them below. There, as I afterwards learnt, they searched everywhere, smelt suspicious holes, sounded the planks, overhauled beds over and under, and found "I know not what;" in fact did all their duty and *more*, and did it all in vain. If powder was there, it was hid as powder never was before, and therefore the search, commenced in civility when success they thought was certain, ended in rudeness as they found themselves beaten, and one by one they came up the steps on deck, looking as savage as could be, and ready apparently to quarrel with the many *quiet smiles* which were about them, could they only find occasion.

But none was given. The captain's civility was redoubled: "Anywhere else would they like to look—in the coal cellar, the hold, the engine room—all was open to them, if they would only say." "Confound the Englishman!"—they were *done* then,—done, too, at their own weapons. "Bah! un autre jour, monsieur. Bon jour." And they came on shore again, looking quite different from the swaggering heroes who had boarded with so much ardour an hour before; Jack, too, lounging over the side, and leering most waggishly the while, as if saying, "*Do* tell me."

But French bile was not to be stirred up for nothing; so the next time their own boat came in they pounced upon *her*, rummaged as before, and with the result of finding in the cabin of the chief engineer (an Englishman) about a quarter of a pound of powder, as they said, hidden there. But this he stoutly denied; he said he had it for his own use, and it was on his own shelf open to the eyes of all; and as to hiding, he scorned it. All this, well said and stuck to with English perseverance before the court, prevailed, and he was acquitted. Then they got hold of another Englishman, who was *said* to have imported about a hundred-weight of the forbidden fruit, but could prove nothing except in a general way. In this instance I am bound to say they had the "right pig by the ear" but they could not hold him. Then he talked provokingly about it; "he *could tell* a good deal if he liked—many a gentleman had had English powder, *he dared say:* people *said* the maire was one, and Monsieur A. another," and so on. They were *done* again, and the thing was finally

dropped. I was rather in a stew myself, as I had had four pounds, and had got two pounds for a French friend; nor was my alarm lessened by his telling me that a friend of his, *in the excise,* had called on him the morning before, who had not called for a long time, and asked to see his little working room on some pretext. He showed him into it, and over, conspicuous on a shelf, was seen a blue canister of "diamond powder," which I had got over for him the week before. "Hah! hah! my friend, and *you* have got English powder, too; where did you get it from?" But Frenchmen are supple, and not to be caught in a corner. "I—English powder! my dear fellow, how can you wrong me so as to fancy such a thing!—that box you see there has been there for years, and I keep seeds in it." This was a stopper, and the matter could not be further pushed without a quarrel; so the subject dropped, and the exciseman soon taking his leave, my friend immediately poured out the powder into a French canister, and filled it with garden seeds, according to order. On his telling me the matter I immediately did the same with my own, and stowed the English boxes away in a safe place.

The season of 1851 was rather better than previous years for woodcocks, but that species of bird had become *comparatively* rare in Britanny. Formerly they were in great numbers, and the sport must have been first-rate; for instance, I have heard upon good authority of eighty being flushed in a day. Now, if you find ten or twelve, it is very good, and you find generally less, which, though more than in England, is not much for a good woodcock country. Near Quimper, cocks sold for only 1*d.* and 2*d.*

each, within the last five years. The cause of the decrease is variously explained, but most Frenchmen believe it to arise from the destruction of the eggs in the breeding countries; and they allege that of late years the peasants in those countries have taken a fancy for the eggs, and seek eagerly for them. If this be true, it solves the mystery; and we can only regret the taste of the said peasantry, and wish it had been less exquisite and refined, directed rather to bread and meat.

The other day in shooting I was getting through a thick oak hedge, when two cocks rose together at my feet, flying within a yard of my face, and going right and left. Being encumbered with the branches, I could only watch them, and thus lost a beautiful chance of killing cocks right and left, which does not often happen. Delightful sport is woodcock shooting—for me, the cream of shooting. The picturesque country where Mr. Longbill is generally found—the skill required to kill him—the value of him when killed—his presence at any moment—the difficulty of finding him—the animation required—all give cock shooting a great charm. It is not generally known that they run like partridges, but I had two proofs of this last week. I had my dogs in a cover, and was walking in the meadow, when I saw a cock skim quietly up and drop. Immediately I called a dog and put him into the place; he took up the trail at a gallop, and ran the cock up a hundred yards off; he must, therefore, have run clear away at a great pace. The other instance was in returning home along the high road, where, on looking up, I saw a cock coming straight upon me. When about eighty yards off, he

turned and alighted at a gate, and on my going up without delay, expecting to find him there or thereabouts, he rose at least one hundred and fifty yards off, having thus run twice as fast as my fast walk. I have a setter bitch, who is excellent for cocks, and knows all their habits perfectly. When arrived at the cover, she goes gently in, beats the hedge and ditch first, then seeks any moist places or thickets, to which the gentleman often retires to ruminate, and then takes her general canter. If she crosses a scent, she stops and interrogates it, and if it be a cock, she is certain to find him. Arrived at her bird she points, but will push, on being told, and when her prey is killed, she seeks him, handles him gently, "as if she loved him," and licks his glossy feathers. All this is the result of experience acting upon intelligence, and most certainly proves the existence of mind in the animal in question. She observes facts and adds them to her stock, and then compares and draws conclusions from them, and right conclusions too. It would be well if men would do the same. The men who object to the lower animals possessing reason are almost always those who are unacquainted with their habits. Few men experienced in horses and dogs but can give a thousand proofs of their reasoning powers.

Duelling yet prevails largely in France, and the result of a quarrel about a petty matter is often the loss of a valuable life. A short time ago a young man near this was killed in a duel, and another had his leg so much shattered as to require amputation, and he remains a cripple for life. Well may duelling be called the game of fools, but unfortunately, unless the world becomes wiser,

it is a game which wise men are, or think themselves, obliged sometimes to play at. A man insults you, gallants your wife or seduces your daughter; you complain and he offers you — satisfaction! in other words, says that he is ready to give you a chance of being shot by him, *in addition* to the other injuries he has done you, whenever you think proper. Precious satisfaction, forsooth! to lose your arm as well as your daughter, or to have your leg walked off with to accompany your wife. Let the matter be arranged on equal principles, if we are to have it; let the injured man *have his shot first*, and then let the two fire together; this would be fair. You have stolen my honour — well, then, give me a shot *for nothing*, and if I miss, *then* let the chances be equal; but in commencing with equal chances you are always one a-head of me in the game. There are few French gentlemen who are not most expert with the sword, but with the pistol they are much less formidable, though they generally possess three or four pair and handle them with the *gout* of amateurs. I have never seen a first-rate shot among them; for instance, a man who could hit a sixpence at fifteen yards six times running, as I have seen done in England.

Of boxing, the French are wholly ignorant, and it is amusing when they are sparring, to see them hitting round like a smith with his hammer, and to think how a well meant straight hit would send them flying. But to see a fight is disgusting, so savage and unfair is the manner, or rather so complete is the absence of all rules of fair play. The men kick, grapple, hit high and low, bite, pull hair, in fact, endeavour by all possible means *to spoil* and

disfigure each other, and too often succeed in doing so. They must be kept at arm's length as will not be difficult, having a strong dislike to lose their beauty or their claret; but if they come to close quarters, John Bull would be puzzled at finding himself tackled and attacked in regions where he was never attacked before. It is a common dodge to throw in a kick, which, if you are not prepared, knocks your legs away, and in a momentary stagger your opponent rushes upon you and begins kicking, kneading, scratching, "unguibus et rostris," so as to bother you awfully. A short time ago two gentlemen at Havre were talking of the respective modes of combat, and a match was made of a French pugilist against an English one. On the day appointed a large burly Frenchman appeared on the ground, while the English champion was small and light, but, as it proved, well up to his work. The fight began by the Frenchman trying to rush in upon and grapple the other, who constantly threw in a peppering facer to stop him, until the big fellow grew almost blind, but more cautious. He then tried the noted kick, sparring a little to cover it, but just as his foot was raised, his nimble antagonist, who was well on the look-out, jumped aside, and seizing the foot *in his hand* fairly twisted Monsieur Crapaud off his legs, pitching him down so heavily on his head as immediately to put him *hors de combat.*

There is a good deal of innate ferocity in the Breton character when roused, and murders are not unfrequent. Once in going down to dinner I found a man in the court-yard before the house romping with a girl, and

ordered him off, but, the man being slow to move, I put my hand on his shoulder to hasten him, when, to my surprise, he immediately made at me. He was very powerful and much above my match, but I managed to defend myself until my man came up. He then threw himself down, and as we proceeded to turn him out, resisted and fought as I never saw any one fight before, for he was like a porcupine, and wounded his foes on all sides. However, though with great difficulty, we succeeded in tackling him, and dragging him legs and arms to the gates, which having opened, we threw him some three steps down into the high road; rough physic, I admit, but I conceive quite necessary, as he would not go by fair means. As soon as he regained his feet he rushed again to the gate, and tried to break it down, but not succeeding ran to another, where we again confronted him; my man, a Breton, behaving with great pluck, and being much bruised and cut. I left him on guard and went to dinner, and found, on going out to inquire, that my worthy friend was still in the road, vowing he would kill the Englishman whenever he could find him. He did not however dare to enter again, and I went about other matters until evening, when I took a walk on the road, but he was then invisible. Just after my return, sitting in my room, I heard a crash, and lo! my opponent had smashed the gate with a kick, and was rushing up the garden like a madman. There was only one thing to do, and I unwillingly did it, namely, take a pistol from my case, with the determination to shoot him dead if he entered the room, as there was only myself and a

girl in the house. Happily, however, this girl, attracted by the noise ran to the door, and bolted it, and before anything serious could be done, a neighbour and his man who had been on the watch for my safety, unknown to me, ran up and secured him, literally foaming at the mouth like a wild beast. He was taken away for the night, and on the next day begged my pardon in such abject terms, on the plea of being out of his mind at the time with some brandy which he said he had drunk, that for the sake of his family, I let him off with a severe reprimand, and he shortly after left the country. I believe that this ferocity is a Breton characteristic now as it was in the time of Cæsar.

It is a French saying that John Bull's picture is not complete without his eternal umbrella; to which I will reply, that Monsieur Crapaud's picture is nothing without his hat. He treats his hat as if it were a part of himself, though with a curious caprice. For instance, in the street it is always off, whereas in the house it is always on. Even before ladies it is frequently kept on the head, and in business the Frenchman never uncovers himself, but requests us to cover too. We, however, think it well to keep the head cool but the heart warm, and generally have our hats off. A Frenchman goes to a dinner but carries his hat into the drawing-room with him, or delivers it to a servant at the door, and John Bull, with a blind imitation, has copied the custom *without the reason* of it. The Frenchman does it because in general there is no hall in which to hang his hat on entering, as he lives in an étage and the hall is common; whereas wealthy John, with

a hall as large as a warehouse, encumbers himself with his hat, whether "opera" or "gibus," to his own annoyance, and not by any means to his own improvement, the aforesoid "tile" being a frightful appendage, and only fit for a chimney-top.

Such is the principle of imitation, taking things as monkeys merely because they are strange to us. Look at the Frenchman taking tea *à l'anglaise*, for instance. He takes tea, not because he likes it, but because we take it, and has never learnt *how* we take it; therefore he places his saucer on his plate; whatever thing he takes with his tea, be it sweet, savoury, solid or fluid, it is first passed through a preparatory wash in the Congo. I one evening could not help watching a Frenchman — a count, too, who had often been in England—taking his tea; and it was a droll process. First he had marmalade on his toast, and both dipped into the tea; then a pâté (we had been shooting) was equally immersed and discussed; a mince-pie followed the same road; then toast, &c., and at last he poured out a glass of claret, and *put that in also.* How much of the flavour of the tea remained at last, it would be hard to say; but I should think not much. To another friend I took the liberty to show the proper way, and he adopted it at once, and said he had never tasted *tea* before, for in truth he had up to that time drunk a decoction of the various things on the table, and not tea.

A short time since I engaged to go on an expedition of wild-fowl shooting with a party of French friends. The place chosen was a large creek on the coast, where it was said that the birds were in masses; but having had some

experience of the strange manner in which "masses" of game melt away under a little daylight, I did not calculate on anything further than lots of fun in seeing my friends manage the boat; for, softly be it spoken, Frenchmen have no more idea of boating than sailors of riding. It is not their nature to have sympathy with water under any circumstances, as their skins in general show plainly enough; but of salt water especially they have an abhorrence, and never venture into or upon it if they can possibly avoid doing so. The regular French sailor is but half a sailor, a cross-bred animal in comparison with the real English sea-dog, casts up his accounts continually, and has a horrible dread of the wind. It is well known that previous to Trafalgar the sickness on board the French fleet was awful — not heart sickness only, though there was plenty of that — but real stomach sickness, turning a man inside out like a glove. And this is nothing extraordinary, when we remember that they were so seldom at sea. It was the British fleet which kept the sea while Mons. Crapaud kept in port, and as a natural consequence he soon dwindled down into a mere landsman, and when he turned out again was as squeamish as a young lady. As usual, we had a rendezvous the previous day to settle preliminaries and eat our hares *before* they were caught, and then, oh! the joys of the sea! "The sea, the sea" was the burden of the song — the pleasures of a "wet sheet and a flowing sail," and the other delights of a sailor's life. One man said that for himself he would not give a fig for anything *less* than a gale of wind; it was only then that he felt in his element; it was sublime, magnificent, superb,

nay "charmant," to comprise all in a word; he left to others the poor pleasures of smooth water, and loved to be rocked upon the wave like a child in its cradle. And so in truth chorussed all, with all the more freedom inasmuch as there was at the moment no wind and the sky was without a cloud. I ventured to ask one if he had been accustomed to sail much and could manage a boat. "Ah! mon cher," said he, "soyez tranquille; je connais un bateau, et tout ce qu'il en faut, comme ma poche." This reassured me; and so, after various toasts, sentiments, songs, &c. &c., all was arranged, and we parted for the night in great good humour. At the appointed time I was at the place fixed, and the boat being ready we started. We had to pull quietly down a small river for two or three miles before reaching the sea, and to it they went like workmen. True that the work was clumsily done to my eyes; but there was no shirking. Occasionally some one caught a crab, or missed his stroke, and no one thought of feathering his oar; but I fancied it might be an English custom, and held my peace and the tiller ropes. "Ah! ah! mon ami, qu'en dites-vous?" said one; and "Don't we go along!" said another; "Can you beat this in Angleterre?" and so on, to which I replied, "Capital!" "First rate!" "Keep it up!" "Go along!" having however a very strong idea that steam would fail very speedily. Meanwhile I noticed a few awkward-looking grey clouds mounting from the sea, preceded by scudding catspaws. The wind rose and fell, but rose again, and got steady. Thinks I to myself, "Pull away my hearties; we shall try your mettle before long;" but they, with their backs

towards the quarter, saw and felt nothing. At last the strokes got irregular and breath short; one complained of being overpulled; another had a pain in his side, and by universal consent it was agreed to rest a moment and wet the weather eye; and on this being done they looked about them. "Ma foi! mais il y a du vent." "Oh! mon ami, c'n'est rien." "Avez-vous peur?" "Moi! par exemple!" Such were the exclamations and phrases which flew about with more or less of uneasiness and twitching of the corners of the mouth. Some wished they had brought a stouter coat, or a boat-cloak, or a gun case; for, with characteristic want of thought, these useful things had all been left behind; but to the work they at last settled again, though with much less talk and spirit than before. Nor did each one fail now and then to turn round his head to look at the sky, or to say to me as steersman, "Ah! dites-moi, comment va-t-il?"

When we got to the sea, things were not altogether *comme il faut*. The blue sky was all gone — not enough left to make a garter of — the sea looked dark and short; the wind moaned and lulled unpleasantly, and there were various indications of a dirty day. Our course lay obliquely from the shore, keeping the wind on the bow; but this was very bad, though it could not be avoided. We got up the mainsail and the jib, and for a time did pretty well; but as the distance from the shore increased, we got into rougher water and rougher weather, and I found it was high time to look sharp. But where were my companions? I looked at one, and he was very quiet and pale; evidently his stomach was becoming rebellious,

though he was doing his best to keep it down; and passive resistance being the easiest, he sat still and said nothing. Another was noisy and cross; his disorder was taking a different direction, and he was exclaiming against weather, wind, waves, and everything; but it was evident that he too would be quiet before long. The rest were tolerable, but had given up singing. However the wind increased, and the spray dashed so constantly over the boat, the wind being on the bow, that we agreed to run for a small island a point or so off, and accordingly did so; but inasmuch as this threw the wind on the beams, we got into the trough of the sea, and rolled about rather unpleasantly, besides being occasionally gunwhale under, to the great horror of our Gallic friends. I then took in the mainsail and ran along under the jib only, which was better, and made us go more easily; but the mischief was done. One after another all took to "catting" with extraordinary vigour, even down to the hero of the evening before, who did *so* love the sea. The poor fellow lay huddled in a heap under the bowsprit thwart, heedless of all things and retching fearfully, *sacring* the while. It was really very awkward to have all the crew sick, except one, in a stiff breeze, and a good-sized boat to manage; but he was a capital fellow, I must say. I had only seen him for the first time the day before, and had remarked him as saying little; but as the time for action arrived, it was evident he could "do" well. Fortunately for him, and indeed for us all, he had a tough stomach, without which all his pluck would have been useless; as who can resist sea-sickness? As Byron says, even love is then beaten;

and I remember seeing a good proof of the strength of it. In crossing the Irish Channel I had remarked a married couple come on board; the husband a mild good-tempered looking man, the wife a little pug-nosed gimlet-eyed shrew —a very walking vinegar cruet, with whom everything went sour. First the trunks were in the wrong place; next she was on the wrong side of the vessel, and with all her voluminous traps must be transplanted; then she wanted this, and next must have that, laying the blame of all upon her helper, who bore it better than Job, although, poor man! he had nought to do with the matter. I had been watching the scene with the tail of my eye, hugging myself in my snug celibacy, and devoutly wishing that something would arrive to stop madam's tongue, when by degrees she grew quieter, and I repented; "Not so bad as I thought," said I to myself; "put out perhaps for the moment; I beg her pardon." All of a sudden, "Oh! my dear! you brute! why don't you move directly?" escaped like a *jet d'eau* from her lips; and ere the good man could help her to the side, a jet of something else followed like a discharge from a fire-engine. Nothing but sea-sickness could have tamed the shrew, and I really enjoyed this unwilling tribute to its power, and again blessed my bachelorship. But to return, my silent friend turned out a real trump card. I handled the rudder and he the jib, and we rode the waves gallantly until we got under the lee of the little islet, where we debarked our invalids and began to look about us. But all sport was over. The wild fowl were driven inland by the wind; our fellow sportsmen were all *hors de combat;* and there was nothing for it but to get

into a snug cove, light our cigars, open our havresacs, and so defy all outward things, leaving the future to take care of itself. We therefore got our companions on shore, and reared up one here, and put another on his end there, telling all to keep up their tails and take a sip from the black bottle; and then commenced a cosy chat which I shall long remember. In truth, my quiet reserved acquaintance, who was content to act instead of talking, was a somewhat remarkable man, who had well performed his part in that very large theatre, the world, at a very striking period in its history; and having been neglected and snubbed by the powers that be, had retired into himself and left them alone. He had been a revolutionist enragé of the most exalted school, had supported his doctrines by his sword, had seen the fallacy of many of them, and had subsided into a sensible moderate man; his opinions corrected by experience, and his theory considerably altered, its crudities removed and its exuberance reduced, but the whole settling down into a definite practical shape.

He had assisted actively in the revolution of February, 1848, and was appointed to a captaincy in the Garde Mobile. What a singular force was this Garde Mobile! but what a clever idea it was that organised it; and whether it arose with Lamartine or Lagrange is immaterial to us. All men who know anything about Paris must know that celebrated class of society called the *gamin*. The Paris gamin answers to the London scamp, only that it is a juvenile — a sucking scamp. In numbers it is countless, receiving daily recruits from all sides — children abandoned

by their parents, youthful, unfledged jail-birds — all thrown upon their wits to find a living, and their wits therefore speedily becoming of the sharpest. Full of spirit and knavery, hungry and naked, they have always been the foremost in civil commotions, worming themselves into holes where an ablebodied man would stick fast — the very ferrets of a revolution. It was really a bright thought which at once converted them into the defenders of order; let us give its due to the author of it. So they were formed into a Garde Mobile. Mobile enough, let us say; and doubtless a secret prayer arose from the wise projector of the scheme, that they might be quickly *moved off* into a place not to be named. Truly an exceptional force altogether, a veritable normal force — outwardly not a force at all, but in reality animated by the impetuous boiling ardor of La Jeune France, and therefore doing miracles. Uniform they had none; many lacked shoes; and few lacked rags and tatters. Guiltless were they of discipline or manœuvre. Of all sizes were they, from four feet upwards, many of them only knowing a gun by sight; yet did they perform feats on which men looked with astonishment. My friend said that very few of them knew how to load their pieces, but some rammed the cartridge down without biting it, while others bit it and pushed it down by the wrong end. In his company he had them of fifteen and sixteen years old, the youngest fledgeling being fourteen complete — a callow warrior. But the three days of June arrived — those bloody days which tried men's mettle — and then these little breechless blackguards showed what they were made of. "But," I observed to Monsieur Dornout, "surely these

lads could not fight with men: in a *mêlée*, physical force must carry the day, whatever be the spirit in the small carcase." He said this was to a degree true; and therefore they arranged them so as to have two little ones and then a full-grown man, and so on down the line, so as to give support to the weak; but he added that all the pluck was in the little ones. They regarded the whole affair as a lark, as good fun; and not the death of their comrades, the streets burdened with corpses and streaming with blood, could destroy this idea. For four or five days did they bivouac in the open air, taking only the little nourishment they could get; but what were the odds to them, who had done so all their miserable lives, always starving and without a home? Bad as it might seem to others, they had, perhaps, never lived so well before; and doubtless the notion of fighting *for* the law — they, the pickpockets, the rogues in grain — must have tickled and amused them amazingly. But, he said, their spirit was admirable. They were ordered to attack a barricade in the Faubourg St. Antoine from which a battalion of the National Guard had just been repulsed. "Allons, mes enfans — en avant!" and up the street they ran, laughing and singing, in the face of a rattling fire which killed numbers; and when arrived at the huge mass of stone, instead of attempting to take it in flank or rear, he said they climbed and scrambled up the face of it like so many rabbits. They seemed unable to see the danger of it; and this was especially the case with the youngest. At another time they were waiting the signal to attack, when, on a sudden, two lads started out of the ranks and made straight for the in-

surgent flag which floated on an opposing barricade. In vain did the officers try to recall them, and in vain did the defenders of the barricade fire upon them; they reached the flag, and quarreled for its possession, but were unable to remove it. While disputing, a shot broke the flag-staff; on which one picked up the flag, wrapped it round his shoulders, and, so enveloped, regained his company, his companion being left behind him dead. It appeared that these youngsters had made a bet as to who should get the flag, and thus had started for it without orders. Many were too small to carry guns, and had cavalry pistols; and, he told me, they would steal close to their object, and knock a man over with as much pleasure as if he had been a blackbird, coming back laughing and in great glee. As affairs grew settled, the government disbanded some, and sent others to Algiers; and numbers having been destroyed, the class *gamin* has been greatly reduced. But they were gallant little chaps, and merited better treatment than they received.

M. Dornout was a man of tried courage, as I afterwards learnt, and a man of principle also. He had declined all employment under Louis Napoleon, and had been looked upon with suspicion in consequence. After the coup d'état of 2nd December, he was placed under strict surveillance, and we may judge what this is by the following anecdote. He had been informed that a person was specially appointed to watch him and report his movements, and returning home one evening to his rooms (where his sister lived with him), he found a man listening at the door. He immediately seized him by the neckcloth and

flung him down stairs into the street. The man then declared himself an *agent de police;* but M. Dornout said he would not believe him, for that no agent of the police would be guilty of such an act. In half an hour he was arrested, and taken before the Sous-prefet. *Sous-prefet:* "You are charged with violently assaulting one of my agents; is it true?" *Dornout:* "I found a man with his ear at the key-hole of my door, and I threw him down the stairs; but he could not have been an agent, for no agent would have done such a dirty trick, and I am sure, Monsieur Sous-prefet, you would not authorize any such means." *Sous-prefet* to the agent: "How is this? you said nothing of this; is this true?" The agent could not deny it, and therefore the Sous-prefet affected a great deal of virtuous indignation, and dismissed the charge — doubtless knowing all about it, and denouncing the agent for his stupidity in allowing himself to be caught. Monsieur Dornout said that after this he never found any one at his door again, but that wherever he went he was dogged by an agent to his great annoyance, without being able to get redress. One fact which he told me I thought very illustrative of the frail nature of the supports on which the government rested at that time. The Garde Mobile and the Garde Républicaine (which resembled the other in composition) were always placed at the head of the column of attack, and, as *they* believed, because it was the place of honour; but not having eyes in their rear, they could not see behind them. Had they done so, they would have seen the following arrangement of the remainder of the column. Immediately behind the Garde Mobile a regi-

ment of cavalry of the line; behind them two guns loaded with grape; and behind them the infantry of the line, and so on. Had the Mobile shown signs of wavering, the cavalry would have opened right and left to demask the guns, which would have poured in a volley of grape upon the unhappy Mobile; and then the cavalry, charging upon them and finishing them, the infantry in the rear would have dealt with the insurgents as if the Garde Mobile had never existed. As M. Dornout observed, this was an unpleasant degree of attention to their interests, which would have considerably abated the ardour of the worthy gamins, had they only known of it.

With this and similar talk we beguiled an hour or two, until we bethought us that it was time to re-embark; but with one accord our companions refused. It was not necessary, they said, to do so immediately: the wind would abate, we had plenty of time, the wild fowl might return. These and various other reasons were urged pertinaciously; nothing more was said of "the sea—the ever free," &c.; on the contrary, they greatly preferred the barren rock on which we were, because it was at least *terra firma;* and could they have stayed the night there, they would have done so. But we represented the voyage back as a mere nothing—all before the wind—quite a different thing to the morning one, and persuaded, and pushed, and talked them into acquiescence after much trouble. And the return *was* better, so much so that ere we reached the river's mouth, signs of returning comfort began to appear, and before getting home faint attempts at repartee and song were heard. We agreed, however,

to wash down the salt water by a dinner and a glass of wine, and in one hour all traces of distress were wholly effaced. Commend me to a Frenchman for elasticity. No matter what assails him — pain, defeat, affliction, loss of everything; let it only pass, and give him a bowl of soup and a pipe, and all is not only forgotten, but rejoiced in. Napier says that in the Peninsula they forgot a defeat by the next day, and I can easily believe it.

I am sorry to remark two things in Britanny which will considerably diminish its value as a sporting country; and those are, an increasing tendency to preserve game on the part of proprietors, and an increasing jealousy of Englishmen. The two are but cause and effect, the former springing from the latter; and we have ourselves to blame for what will curtail us of much of our pleasure. Previous to the advent of our countrymen here of late years, a Breton proprietor thought as little of preserving as he did of Hebrew. He shot over everybody, and everybody shot over him, and the balance was even at the year's end; but when John Bull came over, the matter was changed. John is an awkward subject to deal with, and thinks everything in foreign parts can be bought; I believe even kicks have their regular price with him; and when he got into inevitable quarrels with sturdy Breton farmers, he generally insulted them, often beat them, and always paid them afterwards. In doing this he fell into at least two errors; and as all men dislike insults and cuffs, and like (Bretons especially) money, the worthy natives put their heads together and began to preserve. Then other Johns of the "Milord" species came into the country right royally,

paid this farmer and subsidized that one, thought it dirt cheap compared with England, and taught the proprietor the value, not of his game only, but of the right to follow it; and therefore the proprietor either sells a licence to kill game on his land at so much each person, or else grants it in gross and poaches himself. The various English birds of passage also do their part in the work, and not the least part. They come over as tourists, artists, horse-dealers, corn-dealers, &c., but all with the idea that sporting is free, and that they can be off when they like. No matter that they are told that Mr. So-and-So preserves, that the Marquis of B. is very particular; they argue thus: "Every one I know can shoot here; the boat goes on Friday, and I will have my turn and be off the day after — catch me who can." And they *have* their day, and their resident countrymen have the credit of it and pay for it, as all "Anglais" are counted as one: and so the process goes on. When I first came into the country, many years since, everything was free and open, and, as I am well known, I have even now little reason to complain; but the preserving of game is decidedly on the increase, and I advise strangers to pay more respect to it, or they will certainly fall into an awkward scrape. With all this, however, it is against the feeling of the people, and preservers are desperately unpopular; for your Breton is an inveterate poacher. "It's his delight, on a shiny night," and a dark one also; and in spite of preserving landlords and poking gendarmes, he contrives to have game in the pot at most times, and if not there, in the market basket. I question if the regular English poacher

is more up to trap and trapping than the Breton peasant. Guns, springes, wires of all shapes and sizes, traps iron and wooden, nets, dogs and lanthorns, are all put into requisition,—with what success let the market-day show, when, in a small country town, you may see a hundred hares exposed for sale at one time. How Puss escapes, Diana alone can tell; and I know no stronger proof of the protective power of instinct than that she should not only exist, but keep up a good head under such adverse circumstances. In mounting a hedge bank, it is highly desirable to look sharp if you value your fingers and toes. Snap crack! and off goes a trap under your very nose. I have frequently seen men and dogs caught in them, and a large fox-trap with proper teeth is a monstrously unpleasant embrace to fall into. Some poachers, too, are uncommonly audacious. Not long ago, an old gentleman, whom I know very well, on hearing some firing near his château, went out and found two men shooting. He ordered them off: sharp words passed, and the dispute grew very personal. At last one whispered to the other, who pulled out a piece of rope, and they pounced upon the worthy squire, pinioned him, and proceeded deliberately to tie him to one of his own fine beech-trees. In vain he struggled, *sacréd*, kicked, and shouted: two young men were long odds against one old one; and finally behold him, tightly slewed up fore and aft, and only able to move his tongue. He told me he fully expected they were going to shoot him; but after jeering and mocking a little, advising him to be more civil the next time, and by all means to eschew preserving for the future, they made him a polite bow, and

left him hard and fast. There he remained several hours, and began to look forward to a disagreeable night of it, not being accustomed to sleep standing, and having unpleasant remembrances continually rising up of a child recently left in such a state owing to forgetfulness, and literally eaten by wolves piecemeal, when luckily a man, going home after work, heard and rescued him. He told me that, during his being so tied to the tree, he often thought of the sad fate of his father, who was an officer in La Pérouse's expedition round the world, and was *actually devoured* by the savages in one of the South Sea islands; and he was beginning to think what a strange concatenation it would be for father and son to be both *eaten* — one by men, and the other by wolves, when he was released by some passers by. But it cured him of preserving.

Another gentleman was very easy to please. He had a fine pool full of fish, and was honoured with rather too much company in consequence, especially at night. One day I visited him. "And how go on the fish?" "All gone." "Ah!" said I, "what! not all caught, surely?" "I'll tell you what it is," said he. "I was bothered out of my life with vagabonds at all hours, and of all sorts. If the fish were in cold water, I was equally in hot. First it was, 'Send for the gendarmes;' then a case of assault before the juge de paix; then my servants slept all the day, alleging that they were watching all night; then I quarreled with some friends because I would not give them leave to come, when I was called miser, and with others who came and caught nothing, when I was called cheat; and after all the fish

always tasted of mud, and then my wife abused me: in fine, the pond was the plague of my life, and I was often on the eve of throwing myself into it, when a kind friend suggested an easier method, and lo! I drained it off, sold all the fish, and now all is quiet inside and out, and I look at it with pleasure."

Whatever may be the merits of the French *men* as marksmen, it is certain that the French *women* shoot better than English women: yes, verily, many a Frenchwoman will knock down her bird as cleverly as a pupil of Colonel Hawker. The fashion, too, seems on the increase. I know several young ladies who are practising (shame be it spoken!) on the blackbird and the thrush with light pieces made for the express purpose, and they think it very fine; but for the life of me I cannot like them for it. Whatever art and Bloomerism may say and do to the contrary, there *is* a difference between a woman and a man, and not Venus herself would be looked at in leathers and fustians. What should we say in England at seeing Miss with her double barrel, leash of pointers, breeches and gaiters, and Jane the maid with the game-bag? Wouldn't that make a Norfolk papa open his eyes wide, to meet them knee-deep in his turnips on a dewy day, or blowing a cloud under a hedge at noon? Courting would be an insult to such a sporting character, and a proposal might be reduced to "Toho," to save time. As to pistol-shooting also, they are as expert as men. In most gunsmiths' shops "*Pistolets pour les Dames*" are as regularly exposed as other sorts; and I know several ladies who are prouder of their skill with "the tools," as Pat calls them,

than with the piano. The other day I called on a lady who complained of fatigue. What was the matter? She had only been practising all the morning "*au blanc*" with her pistols. Cupid with his arrows, in France, is transformed into a lady with her pistol-case, and no wonder there is so little love made. A squeeze of the hand may be construed into a deadly insult; and to be called out "*sur le champ*," and be drilled there and then by your fair inamorata, is an unpleasant manner of getting the heart touched. When Pio Nono, of celebrated memory, fled from Rome in 1848, disguised as a footman, he was accompanied by the Countess Rossi, the wife of a French nobleman there. She is described as a "*maîtresse de tir*," and carried a couple of brace of pistols with her, to defend the holy *driver* in case of need; but really had I been in his Holiness's place, I should have been as much afraid of the danger behind me as of anything else. If ladies take to pistols, they may just as well put on the gloves also and practise the art of self-defence. A well-delivered facer, or a clean cross-buttock, or a touch of chancery, would surprise a gentleman who ventured to look twice at a *very* killing pair of eyes, or by chance trod upon the wrong foot. What with these and other signs of progress, it is certain that the ladies are going a-head fast in France, and our sex have need to look out. The "unprotected female" will soon be a fable, and instead we shall have the "helpless man."

France is the only country in the world where much attention is paid to hydrophobia. In England we grumble and endure, and take no comprehensive means to diminish the horrible scourge, and this arises in one

respect from the antipathy John Bull has to government meddling; but in France it is strictly provided for, and many of the regulations are certainly very good. One thing is positive, and that is, that if some means were not used for killing off the surplus members of the canine population, France would soon be depeopled. Here every body keeps his own dog, and the town sustains in addition a floating body; or rather this predatory floating balance lives upon the town, supporting a precarious existence by continual roguery and perpetual hostilities with all things. Every man's hand is against them, but still they steal and fight and skulk about, poaching for variety when town keep is low, and occasionally enlisting with the passing sportsman, but never decreasing in numbers despite all oppressive laws. It is therefore well that they are annually killed down, or they would be a dreadful nuisance, as bad as the dogs of Constantinople. When the shooting season is over, usually in March, the Prefet of each department publishes a decree that thenceforth all dogs found in the streets without a muzzle shall be destroyed. One may fancy the consternation this produces among the dog race. Believing as I do that dogs can do everything but write and talk, I have no doubt anxious councils are held and wise resolutions taken by the canine gentlemen without owners: some, the dog democrats, are for liberty entire, and down with the muzzle; others try to procure summer lodgings in the town by playing the agreeable to some well-meaning neighbours; others are off to country quarters; and a few, old and foolish, stay, and are killed; for the process is inevi-

table — one after another all are knocked on the head. Dog skins become a drug in a short time; sportsmen in want of gaiters look out and lay in stock; dogs with proprietors hold up their heads and look proud; and the streets are again quiet. Then is the time of torture for elderly ladies and their lap-dogs. The chance, infinitesimal though it be (considering that "Fanchon" is tied up fast by a blue ribbon to the bed, and the roll called every half-hour), that the dear little creature should get into the street and be barbarously murdered, is enough to embitter the spinster's days and disturb her nights until the edict is recalled. Her momentary absence is enough to call out the whole force of the household; and when promenaded in the sun, tied fast by her cord and collar, all benefit of the walk is lost to her mistress, such is her excessive anxiety and fear of all that approach her. Hydrophobia is naturally frequent in France, from the number of loose dogs such as I have mentioned, and it is therefore well to take proper precautions. Sometimes, however, they carry these to an undue degree, and prescribe a muzzle so absurdly contrived as to be enough of itself to drive a dog mad; for the nature of the muzzle is always prescribed by the decree. The other day, seeing a crowd about the hôtel-de-ville, I went up, and found an unhappy dog expiating the crime of having no master, and the accident of having been called mad. He was no more mad than I was, and really comported himself like a noble fellow. He was tied by a long rope to a pillar of the main entrance, and two men with sticks were dodging about to get a safe blow at him, as they had been foolish enough to give him

a long rope, and were now too much afraid to go near him to shorten it. He was a fine dog of the shepherd kind, and seemed quite aware of the gravity of his case. In the intervals of attack he looked seriously and quietly about him, as much as to say, What have I done to merit all this cruelty? And when the attack recommenced he defended himself gallantly, making head against his two opponents so effectually as to keep both at bay. His natural efforts were, of course, taken as conclusive proofs of madness by the excited people, who looked upon the thing at last as a show, and became bloodthirsty. I was horribly disgusted with the affair and the place of execution, too — on the steps of the town-hall! At last one of the crowd, seeing that nothing would be done with the sticks, went and fetched a double-barrelled gun, and watching a moment when the poor brute, having driven off his butchers, was enabled to repose, gave him both barrels in the head, which covered the town-hall steps with blood, and the scene terminated, to my exceeding relief. It was long debated in the Assembly (when it existed) whether or not to have a dog-tax; but they were not able to carry it, as it would be an extremely unpopular measure. It is part of a Frenchman's birthright to keep a dog who is a paragon, and to grumble at his neighbours for doing the same, and they have been so long accustomed to this, that they would not relinquish it; but it would be an excellent measure, and would abate a great nuisance at the same time that it increased the stock of game in the country and added to the revenue. Frenchmen, too, think a great deal of "*the sou*," and hate direct taxation, of which they have

already enough. There is at the present moment talk of the dog-tax for next year; and now that the French have got a dictator who does what he chooses to do without asking permission from any one, and who in the actual financial state of the country wants money, there seems some probability of the measure being put in force. It would be a capital thing, and quite in the interest of the sportsman, notwithstanding the tax on his kennel.

It is curious and refreshing to an Englishman to notice the "*rapprochement*" which is gradually taking place in the price of living in England and in Britanny, which may be called the cheapest part of France. England has been reducing taxation for the last ten years, and France has been increasing it; our commerce, unchecked by revolutions, has nearly doubled itself, and theirs has remained stationary, and in consequence the price of living on each side of the channel is rapidly becoming equal. If the duty on wines were placed on a more moderate footing, there would be a complete equality. Why, in the name of reason and good fellowship, do not English gentlemen exert themselves on this subject? It is one which especially falls within the sportsman's province; for who is there who does not relish a glass of good wine either in the field or when he has his legs under the mahogany? Instead of drinking cheap and bad claret, or else good claret so dear as to be ruinous to moderate incomes, we could, if the duty were reduced, have excellent wine at a low price. Burgundy too, that wine of princes, would be equally accessible, and we should not have to endure counterfeits, or sigh for it in vain, as at present. Champagne

might be had for less than the domestic gooseberry, famed of prudent housewives; and in addition we should become acquainted with various descriptions of wine of which we now never hear anything. The wines of Saumur, Grenache, Tavel, Châteauneuf, all of which would suit English taste, inasmuch as they are sound and full of flavour, would then be seen on our tables, and at a price which would be comparatively trifling. The higher class of clarets — Laffitte, Latour, Château-Margaux, Côte-Rôtie, Cautenac, Pouillac; the higher class of Burgundies — Chambertin and Nuits, these would be had at the price of port and sherry; and without exhausting our purses we should greatly extend our circle of vinous acquaintance. I have no doubt that all these wines might be imported into England pure and good at the average price of 30*s.* a dozen, all charges included, *save duty.* A great portion of the claret at present imported and sold in London is nothing but the vin ordinaire, the common red wine which at Bordeaux is sold for 4 sous the bottle, prepared and cooked in England to suit *John*'s palate; and therefore the majority of the consumers declare *in their hearts* that it is miserable stuff, even if they should not say it with their lips; drink as little of it as fashion or politeness will allow them, and the claret jug in some sort goes a-begging. But let the wines I have named be generally introduced, and I will engage that there shall be no mendicancy by the jug, but rather by the drinker; nor will he need any persuasion to finish the bottle. It is altogether another thing; there is as much difference as between water from the spring and from the ditch. Of course I have no wish to banish

port — Heaven forgive the thought! — I am too good a patriot for that, knowing as I do that to port we owe our glorious constitution, our liberties as Britons, and everything else; but I say that port and claret are by nature wedded together, one setting off and displaying the virtues of the other. What introduces cool and fragrant claret like old port? and what exhibits the generosity and force of the latter so well as the delicate sensibility of the former? What nature, therefore, hath joined together, let not man put asunder. As to the revenue, it would be with wine as with all other articles of ordinary consumption: a reduction of price naturally would increase the demand, and, as in coffee, sugar, and all the rest, the revenue and the consumer would rejoice together. Talking of port reminds me of French port, i. e. port in France. It is a fact that a Frenchman has no relish for nor attraction towards port. He does not understand it, has no sympathy with it. He drinks it, and calls it "bien bon;" but so he would, from politeness, call a glass of Warren's blacking. See him handle the bottle, too; no feeling for its infirmities, with a recollection of its having grown old and crusty, and that it should therefore not be needlessly agitated; no treating it tenderly "as though you loved it;" but seizing it cruelly, shaking it rudely, and replacing it with a shock enough to make the worthy creature fly in your face. You would think they take it under the prescription "when taken to be well shaken." In fact they drink it, and that is all; it descends the gullet, dies, and makes no sign. Taste is superfluous; they know nothing of it but the name, and consequently they are grievously im-

posed upon. Ask for a bottle of port in a French hotel. A bottle of a mixture duly labelled "Porto" is set before you, of a syrupy, sickly, unctuous flavour, which disturbs your stomach and fills you with remorseful regrets for the many bottles of black jack which you have consumed heedlessly without appreciation. Port it is called; but it is not, the spirit is gone. "You sigh, for soul is wanting there." You fly into a passion, and call in the landlord: "*That* port! take it away, it is not fit to drink." And the landlord shrugs, says that "On dit que c'est bien bon," and retires, *sacring* in his heart at "ces bêtes d'Anglais." The fact is, that port is extensively manufactured in France, and especially in Britanny, where from old English connexion I suppose the ghost still lingers; and at Saint-Brieux it is fabricated by thousands of bottles annually. With this ignorance of port is coupled an equal one of sherry. They have no notion of it, though they drink it occasionally. But there is one reason of this in the fact, that by the rules of the customs sherry is classed as a liqueur, and therefore is subject to a higher duty, and so the people lose one of the finest wines in the world. For, as I once heard an old English friend say, "How the deuce can you expect the French to get on well? they neither drink port nor sherry; they shoot foxes, and drive on the wrong side of the road."

Britanny is a very tolerable country for a *gentleman* to live in, in many respects, i. e. that for a moderate income he can live well. In many points, with 250*l.* a year a man may have luxuries, and by degrees he will become so far habituated to the style of the country as to cease disturbing

himself for the want of certain English comforts. House-rent is moderate, except in towns, as the French in general do not like country-houses. A good house in the country is to be had at from 12*l.* to 25*l.* per annum, and generally with land and a garden; but often money must be laid out to make it a comfortable residence. Wages are low, from 3*l.* to 5*l.* for women, and about the same, or a little more, for men. Meat is cheap; beef and mutton 3*d.* a lb., and veal 2*d.* Bread too is cheap, and all poultry, game, fish, and vegetables extremely cheap also; fowls 1*s.* a couple, birds the same; hares 1*s.* each, and so on. But groceries are dearer than in England, as also good clothes. Brandy is cheap, 1*s.* a quart, but bad. Beer cheap and tolerable, though not like English beer. Wines are cheap and good, i. e. to Englishmen who can exist without port or sherry, as the wine of those descriptions is poor. But there you have splendid Burgundy at 3*s.*; the finest clarets, Château-Lafitte, Château-Margaux, Hermitage, Côte-Rôtie, wines which in England, when obtainable, cost 10*s.* and 12*s.* a bottle,—you have all these fine wines for from 3*s.* to 4*s.* Then with Champagne for 2*s.* 6*d.*, and less if you like, with the lighter clarets, Saint-Emilion, Médoc, and the stronger "vins du Midi" of Saint-George and Roussillon at 1*s.* to 1*s.* 6*d.*, a man must be fastidious not to be pleased with his cellar here. Where is a finer wine than Lafitte, with its splendid colour, deep crimson purple, its fine bouquet, but finer flavour,—than Clos Vougeot, the Burgundy of princes? These wines are as superior to others of their class as is the *original* sherry of Carbonell, or the real Amontillado, to the sherry of an inn. Where all these luxuries, with

fitting accompaniments, are brought to the level of 250*l.* per annum, the country may be pronounced not bad for a gentleman to live in. Horses are not bad, and very cheap. From 5*l.* to 10*l.* you have a first-rate cob of 14 hands; and then no horse-tax, carriage-tax, dog-tax, servant-tax, &c. &c., none of that long list of taxes which in England press so heavily on a certain style of living. Schooling is somewhat difficult; but perhaps the want will bring a remedy, and in many parts there are Protestant places of worship. True that they are generally filled by English Dissenting ministers; but dissent abroad is quite different from dissent at home—all obtrusive points gone; and an English gentleman may, on the broad basis of Protestantism, attend such services without in any way compromising his position as a member of the Church of England. In fact, I always felt a warming of the heart in entering such a chapel, and have observed almost all Englishmen who had any feelings on the subject distinguished by their attention and regularity. They have seemed to feel that as Englishmen they were regarded with care, and their movements watched, and on that account that an extra degree of attention was due from them. Abroad, as at home, society has its divisions and its cliques, and they are all much alike; but a man of good temper and good sense can steer his course so as to avoid difficulties, and in case of need live them down.

Such was the aspect of Britanny when I left it in 1851, and I do not imagine that material changes have since occurred. Since I arrived in England I have often wished myself there again, and perhaps shall ere long

prove my attachment to my own views, and give my testimony to their sincerity at least by again setting up my tabernacle among the Bretons. The easy open English hospitality I received there is warm upon my memory; my old friendships seem to increase with separation; my fingers itch for the good cock-shooting; my lips seem to miss their accustomed claret; all these are sympathetic of change, and perhaps it may be only for a time that I here lay down my pen and bring to an end my unconnected notes on the Chase in Britanny.

THE END.

LONDON:
SPOTTISWOODES and SHAW,
New-street-Square.

22213-31

THE

TRAVELLER'S LIBRARY,

IN COURSE OF PUBLICATION

In Parts at One Shilling and

In Volumes price Half-a-Crown each.

Comprising books of valuable information and acknowledged merit, in a form adapted for reading while Travelling, and also of a character that will render them worthy of preservation; but the PRICE of which has hitherto confined them within a comparatively narrow circle of readers.

"*Railway* literature—or, more generally and correctly speaking, *travelling* literature—for the wider term takes in steamers, coaches, and all other modes of locomotion,—has hitherto been for the most part confined to the two classes of periodicals and cheap editions of novels. But there is no good reason why the traveller, comfortably seated in railway carriage or in steam-boat, saloon or deck, should limit himself exclusively to reading of a passing or ephemeral character. This seems to have been the idea which originated the *Traveller's Library*. The publishers offer the travelling reader something of a higher quality than the *light literature* which others have hitherto supposed best suited for him; and, by combining cheapness and handiness of form with superiority of matter, they seem likely to succeed in adding a valuable and popular department to the library for road, rail, river, and sea. Not but that people staying at home may also be glad to avail themselves, for reading at fireside or window corner, of the elegant and excellent series of essays, &c. which we are promised, and here have earnest of, in the *Traveller's Library*." SCOTSMAN.

A LIST OF THIRTY-SIX WORKS ALREADY PUBLISHED IN THE TRAVELLER'S LIBRARY.

I.

WARREN HASTINGS. By THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY. Reprinted from Mr. Macaulay's *Critical and Historical Essays.* Price One Shilling.

II.

LORD CLIVE. By THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY. Reprinted from Mr. Macaulay's *Critical and Historical Essays.* Price One Shilling.

*** Mr. Macaulay's Two Essays on Warren Hastings and Lord Clive may be had in One Volume, price Half-a-Crown.

III.

WILLIAM PITT, EARL of CHATHAM. By THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY. Reprinted from Mr. Macaulay's *Critical and Historical Essays.* Price One Shilling.

London: LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, and LONGMANS.

IV.

RANKE'S HISTORY of the POPES. And, GLADSTONE on CHURCH and STATE. By THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY. Reprinted from Mr. Macaulay's *Critical and Historical Essays.* Price One Shilling.

*** Mr. Macaulay's Essays on William Pitt, Ranke's *History of the Popes*, and Gladstone *On Church and State*, may be had in One Volume, price Half-a-Crown.

V.

THE LIFE and WRITINGS of ADDISON. And, HORACE WALPOLE. By THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY. Reprinted from Mr. Macaulay's *Critical and Historical Essays.* Price One Shilling.

VI.

LORD BACON. By THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY. Reprinted from Mr. Macaulay's *Critical and Historical Essays.* Price One Shilling.

*** Mr. Macaulay's Three Essays on Addison, Horace Walpole, and Lord Bacon, may be had in One Volume, price Half-a-Crown.

VII.

LORD BYRON. And, the COMIC DRAMATISTS of the REFORMATION. By THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY. Reprinted from Mr. Macaulay's *Critical and Historical Essays.* Price One Shilling.

VIII.

LORD JEFFREY'S TWO ESSAYS on SWIFT and RICHARDSON. Reprinted from *Contributions to the Edinburgh Review.* Price One Shilling.

IX.

CONFESSIONS of a WORKING MAN. Translated and condensed from the French of EMILE SOUVESTRE. Price One Shilling.

X.

TURKEY and CHRISTENDOM: an Historical Sketch of the Relations between the Ottoman Empire and the States of Europe, Reprinted with Additions from the *Edinburgh Review.* Price One Shilling.

XI.

TWENTY YEARS in the PHILIPPINE ISLES. By PAUL DE LA GIRONIÈRE, Knight of the Legion of Honour. A condensed Translation from the French by FREDERICK HARDMAN. Price One Shilling.

XII.

THE CHASE in BRITTANY. By I. HOPE, Author of *Brittany and the Bible.* Price One Shilling.

XIII.

SWISS MEN and SWISS MOUNTAINS. By ROBERT FERGUSON, Author of *The Pipe of Repose.* Price One Shilling.

London: LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, and LONGMANS.

XIV.

A TOUR on the CONTINENT by RAIL and ROAD, in the Summer of 1852, through Northern Germany, Austria, the Tyrol, Austrian Lombardy, &c. By JOHN BARROW, Esq. With Route Map. Price One Shilling.

XV.

OUR COAL-FIELDS and OUR COAL-PITS; the People in them, and the Scenes around them. By a TRAVELLER underground. With Woodcuts and Diagrams. Two Parts, price One Shilling each; or in One Volume, price Half-a-Crown.

XVI.

THE AUSTRALIAN COLONIES; their Origin and present Condition. By WILLIAM HUGHES, F.R.G.S. Two Parts, price One Shilling each; or in One Volume, price Half-a-Crown.

XVII.

LONDON in 1850 and 1851. By J. R. M'CULLOCH, Esq. Reprinted from Mr. M'Culloch's *Geographical Dictionary*. Price One Shilling.

XVIII.

Mr. S. LAING'S JOURNAL of a RESIDENCE in NORWAY during the Years 1834, 1835, and 1836. Two Parts, price One Shilling each; or in One Volume, price Half-a-Crown.

XIX.

EŌTHEN; or, Traces of Travel brought Home from the East. Two Parts, price One Shilling each; or in One Volume, price Half-a-Crown.

XX.

IDA PFEIFFER'S LADY'S VOYAGE ROUND the WORLD. A condensed Translation, by Mrs. PERCY SINNETT. Two Parts, price One Shilling each; or in One Volume, price Half-a-Crown.

XXI.

HUC'S TRAVELS in TARTARY, THIBET, and CHINA. A condensed Translation, by Mrs. PERCY SINNETT. Two Parts, price One Shilling each; or in One Volume, price Half-a-Crown.

XXII.

Mrs. JAMESON'S SKETCHES in CANADA and RAMBLES among the RED MEN. Two Parts, price One Shilling each; or in One Volume, price Half-a-Crown.

XXIII.

WERNE'S AFRICAN WANDERINGS. Translated by J. R. JOHNSTON. Two Parts, price One Shilling each; or in One Volume, price Half-a-Crown.

XXIV.

JERRMANN'S PICTURES from ST. PETERSBURG. Translated from the German by FREDERICK HARDMAN. Two Parts, price One Shilling each; or in One Volume, price Half-a-Crown.

London: LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, and LONGMANS.

XXV.

MEMOIRS of a MAÎTRE D'ARMES; or, Eighteen Months at St. Petersburg. By ALEXANDRE DUMAS. Translated by the MARQUIS OF ORMONDE. Two Parts, One Shilling each; or in One Volume, price Half-a-Crown.

XXVI.

SIR EDWARD SEAWARD'S NARRATIVE of his SHIPWRECK. Abridged from the last Edition of the Original for the *Traveller's Library*. Two Parts, price One Shilling each; or in One Volume, price Half-a-Crown.

XXVII.

BRITTANY and the BIBLE: With Remarks on the French People and their Affairs. By I. HOPE. Price One Shilling.

XXVIII.

RANKE'S FERDINAND the FIRST and MAXIMILIAN the SECOND of AUSTRIA; or, a View of the Religious and Political State of Germany after the Reformation. Translated by Lady DUFF GORDON. Price One Shilling.

XXIX.

MEMOIR of the DUKE of WELLINGTON. Reprinted by permission from *The Times* newspaper. Price One Shilling.

XXX.

THE LIFE of MARSHAL TURENNE. By the Rev. T. OSWALD COCKAYNE, M.A. of St. John's College, Cambridge. Price One Shilling.

XXXI.

THE LEIPSIC CAMPAIGN. By the Rev. G. R. GLEIG, M.A., Chaplain of the Forces. Two Parts, price One Shilling each; or in One Volume, price Half-a-Crown.

XXXII.

THOMAS HOLCROFT'S MEMOIRS, written by HIMSELF, and continued from his Diary and Papers. Reprinted (1852). Two Parts, price One Shilling each; or in One Volume, price Half-a-Crown.

XXXIII.

LORD CARLISLE'S LECTURES and ADDRESSES. Including a Lecture on the Poetry of Pope, and the Lecture on Lord Carlisle's Travels in America. Price One Shilling.

XXXIV.

THE NATURAL HISTORY of CREATION. By T. LINDLEY KEMP, M.D., Author of *Agricultural Physiology*. Price One Shilling.

XXXV.

ELECTRICITY and the ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH. To which is added, THE CHEMISTRY of the STARS. By Dr. GEORGE WILSON. Price One Shilling.

XXXVI.

SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY. From the *Spectator*. With Notes and Illustrations by W. H. WILLS. Price One Shilling.

London: LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, and LONGMANS.